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No. 32.

B'hoys of Yale; OR, THE SCRAPES OF A HARD SET OF COLLEGIANS.

BY JOHN D. VOSE.

LIBER I.

SOME of the transcendent-transcendental wise-acres of "YALE," with their big bumps of marvelousness, looked exceedingly bewitched and bewizarded, when a certain report went abroad, once upon a time, concerning "OLD YALE," which it seems was about to pass into the hands, and under the sole jurisdiction, of a squad of "Young Philistines," who were students of said Institution.

Many of the reports respecting this "mischief-making move," as it was termed, were of an alarming nature, so far as it concerned decency and strict morality. Professor Brown gave a heavy sigh when he heard of more "secret societies." Professor Jones looked out of both eyes, at 8 A. M., which was an unusual thing for him before 11 o'clock in the day; and an opinion "as is an opinion," went from his sagacious lips, that he actually believed "the past deviltry had been enacted by these very same fellows," known as "Young Philistines." There was war ahead!

But there were more serious mistrusts. Professor Smith was for "giving 'em fits," while, at the same time, the verdict rendered by the cool-headed Higemore was plain and pointed to these young "rebels" and "outsiders." He intimated as much as to say, "go it, boys! go it while you're young—but mind you don't get caught—that's all!" The advice was plain and pointed. Of course the Professor's request was sound and logical, partaking, as it did, of the "Tom and Jerry" school.

The report of the organization of this "clique of students," had a very sudden and unexpected effect upon the minds of the "wise and knowing ones," as it happened to gain publicity at a critical hour—late on a Saturday afternoon, just after Parson Boo had written out "thirteenthly" and "lastly," to his somnolent sermon for the morrow; Deacon Coo had summed up his "weekly accounts," and Ned Slucer's big, brawny hands had clutched the old bell-rope, to warn the steady-going Puritans that all worldly business must be wound up for the week! Had "the cat been let out of the bag" at an earlier date, ere the weather-cock on old Holmes's "meetin'-us" was glittering in golden rays to the sun's face (who was about putting on his night-cap), the prayers and invocations heaped independently upon the evil-doers, would have been a fortnight's time in coming, and might therefore have lost much of their force and bitterness on the journey.

As we are obliged to write from "documents," carefully compiled, it will be necessary to look in upon the doings, wonderments, mystifications, and all the divers and manifold ramifications of the above clique, so as to understand the principles of the same, bearing in



"DON'T—DON'T SMOKE ANY MORE, GENTLEMEN—DON'T, FOR I AM REALLY VERY SICK."

mind that this was a "secret order," aside from all other societies.

"What's the matter up at Yale?" asked a certain jolly old Judge, of a particular friend.

"Well, Judge, I can hardly tell you with any degree of accuracy, as the reports are so conflicting. One says that some of the 'old heads' up there have found out who cuts up so much deviltry in town; while a second one says that a lot of boys have formed themselves into a new society, having left all the other classes, for the express purpose of raising the deuce, just when they deem it advisable. So you see, Judge, one can't tell with any degree of exactitude."

"That's a fact. Rather a hard set of boys there, this year, I learn," rejoined the Judge.

"Oh, awful hard, they say; but you know, Judge, that was always the case."

"Exactly so; yes, yes. Well, we used to be pretty fast ourselves, eh, some five-and-twenty years ago, while we were at Yale?"

"Considerably so, Judge; and by spells, rather too smart for the Faculty," added his friend.

"Well, I must be jogging on; but I'd like to find out all about this new society. S'pose if any one wants to know all about it, as well as to get the general news of the times, go to

either old Mrs. Johnson's or Mrs. Dewesenberry's, and they'll get it all, eh?"

"Very likely, as they keep the gossip-run of every thing."

"Well," said the Judge, "I'd like to know who among them stole my water-melons. Good-day, Squire."

"Good-day, Judge." And they parted.

As handbills had been posted about the streets, intimating that this new society intended to be "very notorious," the report gained quite a hold, in a short space of time.

"Oh, Mrs. Lewistown—oh, my! The—the pesky students! but do let me sit down and breathe a moment, before I express my indignation!" exclaimed a short, crooked-backed woman, who was a notorious "town's-gab-bler."

"Pray, Mrs. Johnson, dear soul, what's the matter?" excitingly inquired another one, of the same school.

"Matter? matter enough, Mrs. Lewistown. I think it's too bad, to be so imposed upon—I do!" and the little-eyed woman began to snivel like a flogged urchin.

"Have them pesky students being playing more tricks upon you?" interposed her friend.

"No, no, dear Mrs. Lewistown; yet I fear 'em—I fear 'em now. It's made me very nervous—very. I'm afraid they will be worse and worse, and worse, and worse, arter this—I do," said the widow, in a most lamentable tone.

"You think so, eh? Now, why?" asked her friend.

"Oh, a lot of them are devils have had a big convention, and have sworn each member in to do all kinds of things of evil deeds, and then to let nobody know it. Only think of that!"

"Lor' sakes! you don't say so, Mrs. Johnson?"

"Yes, for I met old Anderson, just now, and he told me all; and says he to me—'Seriously, Poll Johnson, you'll have to sleep with one eye open, or else they may take it into their heads to blow you and your house to the d—before you could say Jack Robinson;' and so—and so, I'm right down here, to tell you all, dear Mrs. Lewistown."

"Bless your dear, kind soul," replied the woman, "du tell!"

"Yes, he said so—so—so," and the fidgety little woman boo-hooed at a great rate.

Now, Mrs. Johnson was a queer kind of a female character. Her great aim was to run about town and "tell the news," to about forty old women, all whom carried on a continual train of low gossip, and were questionable "gabblers." Family quarrels she gloried in, and whenever she could make trouble, Mrs. Johnson, or, in other words, "Poll Johnson," was gloriously pleased, for she was then perfectly at home. This little, hump-backed, one-eyed widow lived in a very little house, *solus*, (about fifteen-by-twenty) and her business was on as small a scale as her own little mind. She vended milk and eggs, but her dealings were not of a very eggstensive character.

"Look out, women-folks and all good people, for any quantity of scrapes, arter this," she bawled, just as she rushed into another house, holding a little green hood in her slim, bony hand, "for a big gang of student scamps have mixed themselves up to insult us women—us maidens—us widows—us everybody; and they intend to do just as they please, against God, against law, against morality, and virtue."

"No—impossible!" yelled out Mrs. Dewesenberry.

"It's so; yes, yes, and ax no odds of Squire Binks, or Lawyer Eversan, or Parson Boo, or Deacon Coo, or even of the 'College-larnt' fellows."

"Lor' sakes!"

"Keep your eyes open, arter this, especially when you sleep, if you can, Mrs. Dewesenberry, dear."

Now, Mrs. Dewesenberry was a sister of Mrs. Johnson, and both looked alike, acted, lied alike—in fact, went together, and were known as the two "she-devils." Both were on the wrong side of thirty, and exact counterparts in mind and manners.

Darn 'em! they'll get foted up yet, Poll Johnson; yes, they will. I'd like to know the ringleader, and oh, wouldn't I wollop him! I think I would. Poll, I'd like to know who broke the lock to my front door, one night in the dead of winter, unhung it, and laid it down

upon the wooden steps, and wrote on it with red chalk, in big, flashy letters:

"*'Dear Mrs. Dewesenberry, as bad air is bad for the health, and as you need a change, we open a fresh current.'*"

"Buy a big dog, Tild—buy a big one, as I'm bound to," said Poll Johnson, in a stout tone.

"Darn their pictures!" and after Mrs. Dewesenberry had shook her little head, she handed over to "sister Poll" the old family tin snuff-box.

This amiable pair were what is generally called "grass widows;" they were excessively fond of a pinch, in which they indulged to so great an extent as to acquire the *sobriquet* of "a pair of snuffers."

"None of 'em had better dare to nail up another sign over the front door of my house—a big, wholopping sign, in big letters:

"*'Fresh Milk and new laid Eggs, by Mrs. Poll Johnson.'*"

"No, they had better pot, for I'd State's-prison 'em—I would! Tild, dear, if I thought Bill Snapps's son Ben had a hand in doing that 'ere nasty trick, my eyes if I wouldn't go all about town, and tell everybody I could, that the whole Snapps family live on codfish and potatoes, whole weeks at a time, eh?"

"And I'd help, too," added Tild.

"I'd tell all about how old Snapps made his money—the old pirate—and how Mrs. Snapps worked out, when a girl, on a big farm, for her victuals and clothes: and, gaul darn it! I'd tell how the 'little Snappses have the scratches,' every summer, eh?"

"That's it, Poll, and I'd swear to it, too; yes, I would—I would."

"And I'd raise a desperate time, I would, dear Mrs. Dewesenberry. I'd fix 'em off for what they've done to me; yes, and who cares if they have got money? I'm going to see Squire Binks about it; and I'm just going to the Faculty too, of Yale College, and I'm going to know who made, who painted, and who nailed that 'ere sign on my house—I be!" roared out the excited Mrs. Johnson.

"So I would, sister."

"I can stand a good deal, but when I'm so imposed upon—yes, we virtuous widows—then my temper is touched, and I'm flash, flash, flash. I'll go to law about it, just as soon as I can find out who did it. If people abroad are going to send their sons among a virtuous community, to raise and kick up the very devil, they must mind what they are about, yes they must. But I'll go and consult the law—that I will."

On her way to another neighbor's house, Mrs. Poll Johnson happened to meet Parson Boo, (on a Saturday afternoon) walking up the street, "slow, sure, and reverential," with cotton umbrella in hand. She seized him by the arm:

"Elder, have you heard the news?" she asked the crane-necked divine.

"Don't, Mrs. Johnson, don't speak of worldly things, when the Sabbath is so near at hand," groaned he, in a deep, sepulchral tone, which would have thrown Burton's Aminadab Sleek completely into the shade.

"Why, lor' sakes, Parson Boo, 'tain't but just about sundown!" ejaculated the old lady, with much "fire and fury."

"Ah! eh! yes!" moaned forth the Parson, and passed on, "with solemn pace and slow."

"Lor' me, how strict! Wonder if he's called on Miss-Broker lately? Oh, the sly old scamp in white neck-cloth. I'll fix you, yet, I will!" and saying this in a low tone, she gave him one good hard twisted look, and then hobbled on.

LIBER II.

LET us now inquire into the particulars of the "PHILISTINE SOCIETY."

Aside from the many rumors respecting the mysterious body, the truth of the matter was, that although the Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen, headed by the Seniors, had their own private or sect societies, by themselves, an independent society was formed, *out of all their circles*, and in good faith. Out of the entire body of students, *twenty-six* were selected—a number equal to that of the States in the Union, at that time. Some of these gentlemen were chosen from the other secret cliques, thereby giving an ascendancy to this party. A Constitution, together with By-Laws, Rules and Regulations in general, were duly formed and put into requisition, the whole matter

amounting to this: The Society was to be perfectly independent of all others; to *rule*, as a general thing, and yet remain secret in all their own movements, and profoundly *ignorant* when questioned outside of said circle. The members, in such cases, were to *know nothing!*

When the Society had been duly organized, each member having been sworn in, their meetings were held privately in a certain place, some three-quarters of a mile from the College, and, to use their own language, was "admirably located." As the number was small, only *twenty-six*, the selections made had been thorough, and somewhat partial. None but the "biggest devils" were chosen, the first and highest scions coming from the North, South, East and West. This was decidedly a rich move. It was a powerful company throughout, and, it was very singular, every member happened to be the son of some wealthy and distinguished gentleman. Seven had been chosen from the Senior class—some ten from the Juniors—some four from the Freshmen—and the rest from the Sophomores. All were "perfect bricks," to use an old phrase; all possessed the required *metal*.

Gloriously did each one stand ready to vie with his brother members, in enacting all rules and regulations; and, for the edification of our readers, we will note a few of the most *important* points:

"To stand *treat*, whenever it was due a member."

"Pay promptly all fines imposed."

"Never 'back down,' or withdraw from the Society, on account of some trivial matter."

"Never deceive the Society."

"Be prompt, and always ready to assist in all operations, when called upon by a 'two-third-vote.'"

"To remain *mum* when among 'outsiders.'"

"To be ever ready to defend a brother member."

"To *swear* in behalf of each other."

"To work to assist, to defend the Order," etc., etc., etc.

Before the formation of this Society, several members had been expelled from Yale College, for divers reasons. As much mischief and deviltry had been done, of a highly insulting nature, regardless of all consequences, the "Philistines" took it upon themselves to check at once all such movements—at a certain rate.

At the first meeting every member was present. As the eye of an observer glanced about upon the sights and scenes presented, it was evident that each member claimed to be fully considered "one of the people." All were young men, ranging in years from seventeen to one-and-twenty.

Maine was represented by a young, rough-looking fellow, of about eighteen, who did not seem to ask odds of any one. His back was like a loaf of brown bread—all in a heap.

New Hampshire was represented by a short, thick-set youth, who, in whatever he undertook, was as firm as the granite hills. The poor fellow was subject to night-sweats the whole year round. At least, this was his own declaration, made to his many *chums*. Geology was his great theme.

Vermont had a "tearing fellow," and no mistake. He was a brilliant child—and a noble judge of horse-flesh. He was smart. He doted and jabbered away continually about "West Point."

Massachusetts appeared in a steady, sedate-looking student, who was *sedate*, yet full of fun and frolic when fairly started. He was a deep thinker. His little eyes stuck away back in his head, always looking as though he was trying to bring them out, so as to observe something new.

Rhode Island, although a small piece of land extending out into the sea, was represented by a young man who was full of fun as an egg is of meat, but was too clever to fight. He could plan sufficient deviltry for all hands, and on a purely scientific scale. His judgment was excellent. He was always wishing to find some heiress with whom he could elope.

Connecticut had a bright and learned son; one fresh from Litchfield county—the seat of law—who was full of "gas," and was therefore an excellent "blower." He was a *team* for whistling, telling ghost stories, and writing poetry. He doted about his fashionable parents, and what a handsome sister he had.

New York had a "perfect bully," one of the scions of the "bloody Sixth," who was for making all kinds of motions, in this way—"Let's go on a time!" "Let's get tight!" "Let's raise the d—l somewhere!" and similar spirited propositions, peculiar to that lively locality. He always begged for excitement. He was "awful papers."

New Jersey had no rightful son to represent her, so a youth hailing from the middle of Texas took New Jersey upon his own shoulders. He was a hard boy. "Fight" was his sole aim, and a nocturnal excursion his delight. He was a thorough Texas boy. He wore mourning on his hat, in behalf of a lot of poor fellows who were shot in Texas.

Pennsylvania had a big, fat, strapping chap, to look well after her interests. He was full of "new ideas." He had his peculiarities—always hungry, and much addicted to cramming an excellent quantity on a strict examination. He was very corpulent. His legs looked as though his body had been down between them, and afterward pried up with a lever.

Delaware was very lucky. Her delegate was a "minister's son," remarkable for administering "severe punishments" in a *melee*. He was young, but a very old chap in his manners.

Maryland had a young Baltimorean, who was eager for "oyster suppers," and a "good time." He was a valuable member, so far as "the pocket" was concerned, and found "needful" on great emergencies. He would match himself against any person in the world, playing at chess.

Virginia had a glorious, generous, warm-hearted son, with a vein of humor as rich and deep as his own virgin soil. All the girls loved the "young Virginian."

North Carolina had a loud son to represent her affairs in this renowned and independent society. He was a tall, lean, lank covey, who was some at a speech. When he perambulated, it was with racing rapidity, as if anxious to outstrip his nasal protuberance. He had a big heart, and a full pocket. Politics he discussed at large.

South Carolina had a hot-headed scion, who feared not the Faculty. He was the son of a very wealthy planter, young and handsome. Pistols, pretty women, and good wine, were the "gods of his idolatry." His reasoning powers were great. He boasted of what he would one day receive from two rich aunts—a plantation and a coal mine.

Georgia was handsomely defended. He was for a "good time," was death on the Greek, Hebrew in particular—could sing a good song and tell a "blood and thunder" story. He was always ready to "match pennies" with any one, or "play a game at all-fours." Dog fights he gloriously enjoyed.

Florida had a little curly-headed chap, who was the pet of all the Society. The little fellow was very bow-legged; so much so that his little pipe-stem legs made one-third of the hands of the town-clock, when it wanted ten minutes of two! He had money in abundance, and spent it like a prince.

Alabama was lucky. The President of the "Philistine Society" hailed from that cotton-growing State. He was a "plain-spoken young man," and yet, serious as was his ugly phiz, he was a "buck," and no mistake. Liquor and cigars he always kept in his room, for his friends, and he relished good company and good wine, with the *gusto* of a gourmand.

Mississippi's son was a whole-souled fellow. He was an especial defender of "brandy-punches," and "egg-nog." Although he had a hard, Indian look, he had both principle and policy enough to rival, if not excel, many of his compeers. He had very big, black eyes; wore his hair in curls, and stood "six feet two." He was always boasting of the prodigious size attained by alligators, in his part of the country.

Louisiana's child was a remarkable one. He was for having a "good bender," a little too often. "Whisky, raw brand, and gin-cock-tails," he gloriously worshipped. He went by the name of "Joggles," and he came to Yale because his mother made him! When he went to make a speech, or tell a story, or back a motion, Joggles was, as a general thing, "quite tight." He was one of those tall, slim-built fellows, who looked innocent as the Babe of Bethlehem in the face, and as serious as an astronomer during an eclipse. Yet he was a

fine scholar, and one of the best of fellows. He was fearless and independent.

Ohio was represented by a person who was "all for a horse," and when he talked he acted as though he had a bolting-mill in his throat. He was always ready to exclaim, when there was any betting going on, "I'll bet 15 cents." This was as high as he ever ventured. But Tim was "one of the people." Some called him "Fatty," because he appeared like a huge apple-dumpling; and when he walked, his coat-tail flapped in and out like the tail of a river-snipe.

Kentucky loomed up. A "six-footer" defended the noble State, and yet he was inside of two-and-twenty. He was smart. "Roarer," as he was called, could talk all night to a crowd; and, aside from good speeches, could get the premium for a capital "Western yarn." He looked wild, yet he was one of the best of boys.

Tennessee had a "hard boy." He never said much, save admiring and talking about the ladies. This was his highest theme. He was great for granting a loan, when others were "dead-broke." Applications were frequent, and always duly honored. When asked why he spent so much money, he would say, in reply, "Father's rich, and mother owns 'the Willows!'" "Jed" only waited on good-looking women. His ready loans were handy.

Michigan was represented by an odd-looking genius, who bore the euphonious appellation of "She-cargo." In dress he was very careless and rough; always anxious to "lick somebody," or "try a side-hold." He came to Yale expressly to please a "rich old uncle, and nothing shorter." Whittling sticks and chewing tobacco, were two of his great treats. "She-cargo" looked rather odd in dress, but his mind was fertile—his heart a big one.

Illinois had a queer representative. His eloquence was considerably below par, but this deficiency was amply made up by his dramatic powers; and the current of his thoughts ran in the direction of a flowing bumper. His coin flowed as freely as his wine, and he proved himself on all occasions a sterling and high-mettled fellow. He came to Yale because it was fashionable.

Missouri's representative was a stout, cross-eyed chap, who went in for all manner of deviltry. He was "on the borrow" to a considerable extent, "until he could hear from home." Madam Rumor used to say that he used to "write home" often.

Arkansas had a "blood and thunder" son. The principal topic of conversation with him was playing at cards, horse-racing, marrying Creole girls, and "Southern principles." He was a perfect master of bowie-knives and sword-canes. His name was "Bloody." He was rough in his ways, but a noble fellow at heart.

The President of the "Philistine Society," on taking the chair, addressed his audience in the following manner:

"Gentlemen:—An Alabamian thanks you from the bottom of his heart for the honor conferred on him. We are now a band of brothers, constituting a circle of twenty-six individuals, each hailing as representatives of the twenty-six States of this glorious Union. Our primary object, gentlemen, *cum multis aliis*, is to cause reform wherever it be needed within the circumference of our sphere, and *pro bono publico* to rebut the charges which have oftentimes been made against us, individually and collectively. As these charges have increased tenfold of late, we have taken it upon ourselves to unbutton our eyelids, to wake up, and to know something more of these unfounded allegations; and hold, as it were, an iron rod over the heads of the ignoble *pecus* who would trample us beneath their swinish hoofs.

"Gentlemen, who are we? Boasting is uncalled for. We come from the four classes, and we rejoice to 'take into our fold' Freshmen, as well as Juniors, or Seniors, or Sophomores. We are all wide-awake disciples of mischievous and innocent amusements, and, hereafter, are bound to stand aloof from other cliques or societies, and what is more, to rule them all. In this respect, let our motto be what it is respecting our beloved country at large, 'We know no superior but God alone.'

"Gentlemen, you are doubtless aware of our principles. As a Society, we are no cowards—no hypocrites—but bold, fearless and consistent. Our Constitution, our By-Laws, each of you understand. Hereafter, we rule the

students. Of our influence with the Faculty, we will say nothing, leaving them to look out for themselves—as we shall for the consequences."

This plain, common-sense speech, from the lips of a young gent of about two-and-twenty, was warmly received and indorsed.

"Mr. President," said Roarer, of Kentucky, who was the Vice-President of the said Society, "We must put matters right straight through, and I am thinking that we can carry our points about as easy as rolling off a log. For one, Roarer stands ready to do his part. Although I am quite a tall member among you, I suppose it would be advisable for me to talk quite lowly, for fear that one of my 'Western yells' might escape outside.

"Gentlemen, there are some 'choice scions' springing up amid the good and evil fruit, here, at Yale; and, from all appearances, Nature has done much for them. And, gentlemen, allow me to remark, while speaking figuratively, that certain airy gents must be brought down. Even the Adjunct Professor of Mathematics should be 'lowered' a little. A certain member of the Junior class needs advice, in the shape of a slight hint; while there are other reforms much needed. Several Seniors are 'strappingly' abusive. Upon all such creatures we must open rich, and let them understand that we are indeed 'Philistines,' of the old, original school.

"Gentlemen, you are all aware that a report has gained publicity concerning this Society, the particulars of which are unknown, however. Know nothing, gentlemen, be mum outside of our ranks, and let it be based upon one word, ignorant—dark—close as an oyster. That we have many enemies, we know; yet, as it happens, we 'carry too many guns for them.' They must, methinks, be always manfully met, face to face. Those students who are jealous because they are 'not of us,' are the very identical scapegraces who gave publicity to the report; and, sir, for their narrow contractedness, they must be amply 'rewarded.'

"Gentlemen, I have one of these bills with me, and for the edification of all, I will read it, so as to show the depth of this reigning jealousy, now existing.

"NOTICE—MORE MISCHIEF.

"Be on your guard! Look out for the doings of a new Secret Society. Be watchful! It is a clique of Yale College students, who have (in the dark) no regard for decency. Citizens! all kinds of deviltry they intend to enact. We know them! Their designs have been foretold. Watch them! Watch them, good people!"

"This, gentlemen, is one of the placards spread before the public by a lot of jealous, two-faced students. Let us in our 'Important Items of the Week,' return the fire."

"That's the talk," exclaimed She-cargo, of Michigan, as Roarer sat down.

"Give 'em fits," added Jed, of Tennessee.

At this time, a five-gallon demijohn was placed on the table that stood in the center of the chamber. Bloody, of Arkansas, made a motion that before proceeding any further, the whole company should "imbibe" some of "Old Keeler's best brandy."

They did so, to a man—each indulging in his peculiar vein of witticism, interspersed with grotesque classic allusions, and pungent epigrams, at the expense of their enemies, which were unanimously resolved to be preserved in "Attic salt," and carefully lodged in the archives of the Society. Bacchus, himself, had he been present, would have joined in the jollification, even though the "drinks" were "light."

Ogleish, the high member from Georgia, took the liberty of "freeing his mind," after they had all digressed, by drinking during "meeting hours." He was a tall, slim, sapling-built fellow, and one who, from his own personal looks alone, was sure of commanding respect and attention. He had very waggish eyes.

"Gentlemen," said the happy chap, in a stentorian voice, "I rise, but there is no need of me telling you of it, for you see that I'm up, at least those who can see. Perhaps Tim, of Ohio, may be bothered a little, as he is rather near-sighted.

"I'll bet fifteen cents I can," yelled out Tim, in an easy, smiling mood.

"Gentlemen, I'm glad to see you, and if I wasn't I would say so, for I am no such man."

Gentlemen, I feel *spiritually* happy on this occasion, especially since I took the last drink of clear brandy, and that remark infers that it is very probable Ogleish imbibed before he came into this chamber. Gentlemen, from the best of my recollection, I think I did."

"Hadr't you better take another horn?" interrupted She-cargo, the Michigan covey.

"Once in every twenty minutes, or five drinks an hour, will do me very well," replied Ogleish, while a winning smile played upon his features.

"Order, order, gentlemen," said the President.

"Gentlemen, I was about to say, and should have said long ago, had I not been interrupted, what I shall now say to this 'enlightened body,' providing I can say what I wish to say in a fair way, without a second interruption, that I have several valuable motions to make; motions 'as are motions,' gentlemen. And in saying so, it implies forcibly to your mind, that something is about to come, in fact, is coming, sure.

"Gentlemen, we are aware that our Society intends to give 'Weekly Items' to the public, or, in other words, the 'general news' in burlesque form—the same to be posted up slyly about town. All of us consider this move a high one. Now, I have been exceedingly lucky to-day, and if I hadn't I'm not the man who would say it. I have found out who of the Senior class caused those warning notices to be printed and posted, respecting the 'Philistine Society,' and I intend—"

"Glory!" cried out somebody.

"Order, gentlemen," said the Chair.

"Hear! hear!" yelled out some one.

"Gentlemen, I say I have found out, and that implies a good deal, too—yet I have him. I would expose his name, had I not committed myself; yet, gentlemen, allow me to say that since the intelligence reached me, I have carelessly prepared for our 'Weekly Journal,' the following few lines, which may, perhaps, cause him to be 'spotted.' They are rough; yet, at the same time, they are telling:—

There is a man in our town
Who loves to laugh, and not to frown,
Who tips his fancy hat with grace,
And tries to show his handsome face.

CHORUS—Look out for the hat,
Look out for the coat,
Look out for the fancy boots.

This fancy man one day did go
Up to the tailor's shop, and lo!
He got a bob-tail coat, did he,
And with it cut up a gig-a-ma-ree.

Look out for the hat,
Look out for the coat,
Look out for the fancy boots.

Of folly now you see the fruit-ses,
For down he goes and gets his boot-ses,
And promenades along the passes,
Just to show the pretty lasses—

His fancy hat,
His fancy coat,
His fancy boots.

This Senior's name I'd like to tell,
I guess it would not please him well;
For if I did, he might be mad,
That he was ever named Hers—d.

Then look out for the hat,
Look out for the coat,
Look out for the fancy boots.

This was decidedly rich. Long before Ogleish had finished, every member present seemed to be highly elated, for they knew exactly where to "spot." They laughed, yelled, clapped their hands, and unanimously demanded a "second reading." Even the President could not help smiling. As Ogleish had carefully read it, he, on repeating it, "sung the thing" through in fine style, the crowd joining in the chorus.

"I move that we immediately drink, on the strength of that—all of us," said Nat, of South Carolina.

"I second the motion," said Josh, of Maryland.

"I'll bet fifteen cents that that will take the Senior down a few pegs, and cut him to the sole, like a knife," roared out the happy Ohio youth.

They decidedly did drink—all, to a man.

"Allow me to say, Mr. President, that I call—call—that I think—think that that poe—poe—poetry is a nice little piece of sat—sat—satire—I do," muttered forth a young cove, who could hardly stand erect; he feeling "fashionably tight."

"Sit down, Joggles, you're too drunk to give expression to your feelings," replied Ogleish, with a smile.

"Who does the gen-gen-gentleman ca-ca-call drunk? eh?"

"Ah! I will inform you with pleasure," rejoined Ogleish, in a mischievous way. "I refer to the gentleman who intends, according to the forthcoming *sermones sine sensu*, to speak upon the 'Rights of Juniors,' if I mistake not."

Here Joggles smiled, and muttering something about being *plenus Bacchi*, immediately resumed his seat. He was in too happy a state to make any reply to this retort. He sat with both hands in his pockets, jingling his gold and silver.

"Mr. President," said Harry, of Rhode Island, "in all of our reforms, let us not forget the *tongues* claimed to be the *personal* property of two gossiping widows, old Mrs. Dewesenberry, and Mrs. Johnson. They must be silenced, at least be reformed, so that the two may mind their own business after this. We are aware that they have done much mischief, by giving publicity to certain questionable reports, and I hope that when this Society takes into consideration the several reforms at issue, these two women will not escape a severe hearing."

"I'll bet fifteen cents that we'll still 'em," observed Tim, of Ohio.

"Yes—yes—yes sir—ree,—sir, we will, all of that," muttered forth Joggles, in his stuttering way, for he always did so when a little "sprung."

"Mr. President, it seems that I'm a ripe representative for the State of New Jersey, although I hail from Texas," spoke up Bouncer, as he gained the floor, "but I want it distinctly understood that I'm good for both Texas and New Jersey, and you'll always find Bouncer right and ready for any kind of a 'decent scrape,' and if there is any 'fighting' to be done, it will be very essential that I take an *important part*, if our side don't wish to get *licked*, although I say it myself. As we must not 'take any lip' from the members of the other cliques, you may consider me as the 'fighting member' of this Society."

This speech, delivered in a cool tone, elicited much laughter. Bouncer meant exactly what he said.

"Gentlemen, I move that we make our 'headquarters' down at 'old Sam Keeler's'; that we take command of the 'big back room' as he calls it; that we patronize him altogether, and, furthermore, that we *swear* the old gentleman to keep peace with this Society."

The motion was made by Dan, of Vermont, seconded by Jed, and carried unanimously.

After a short discussion, a secret was told to each member, by the President, when they adjourned. This did not occur, however, until liquor and cigars had "suffered" to a remarkable extent.

LIBER III.

ONE morning, at a very early hour, Mrs. Dewesenberry and Mrs. Johnson, the two little hump-backed, cross-eyed, "grass widows," were both very wrathful.

During the previous night, while wrapped closely in the arms of Morpheus, a gross imposition had been played upon both of them—at least, upon their front doors—which seemed to be a "sticker," for good.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Dewesenberry, good-morning," said Mrs. Johnson, as they met by chance on the road.

"Good-morning. Oh, them air pesky students—them—them—them—"

"But stop, Poll. Pray tell me what have they done to you? Quick! quick!"

"Posted a big, co whollop show-bill, right on my nice front door."

"And so they have on mine, too."

"No! no! Eh?"

"Yes, yes, the *sarpons* have."

"Embrace me, then—we are sufferers together!" cried out Mrs. Johnson.

The post-bill referred to was the first issue by the "Philistine Society," although it was unknown to the public. It came out under the significant head of

"IMPORTANT ITEMS OF THE WEEK."

They were to be seen in different parts of the city; while crowds of people perused the same with great apparent interest.

"Awful papers," remarked a judge.

"Some of those cursed students' doings," uttered a rough, blustering "M. D." of the "blue-pill school."

"Too personal, altogether," said a third one.

"Mighty hard set of boys," muttered somebody.

"Wonder somebody don't know who posted 'em up?" observed a storekeeper.

"Mighty queer! all this 'ere is," said "old Sam Keeler," as Parson Boo stood by his side.

"They are stuck up all about town. There's one right on the back of old Professor Jones's family carriage," laughingly remarked a young, promising looking lad.

"And all along College Green, too," said a grinning baker.

"Old Mrs. Johnson's door has got one too."

"Too bad! too bad!" interposed one of the "old inhabitants."

"So has Mrs. Dewesenberry's door got one of the same sort, too."

By nine o'clock in the morning the theme of discussion with regard to the bills had become general, through the whole town. Here is one of them:—

IMPORTANT ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

Professor ——— declares that he will give \$25 to know who placed a live rooster in his desk. How admirably the animal did crow in the Lecture Room! Professor, if you can find out who perpetrated the bold act, then *hæc gratulizez*.

The red-haired Sophomore who lives on cigars and meerschaums intends to deliver, ere long, a public lecture; and that, too, before he jumps among the Juniors. Subject—"Visions of Faded Honors." He has our best wishes, for—

"Red hair" is a clever boy,
But then he's mighty lazy;
And what is more, he loves a "tight,"
He's always free and easy.

Why may we suppose that Mr. Fresh. K—— is under the especial protection of Apollo? Because he is the god of the *Lyre*—(qy. liar.)

Dr. Fox will soon give an exhibition of himself, by appearing on the stage, and look every fan out of countenance; and in attempting to give a lucid illustration of leaving morning prayers, as soon as his name is called, will tumble over a pile of Greek roots, which some Freshmen had placed there for dissection.

We learn, from a very reliable source, that a certain up-startish Fresh. will soon have an opportunity of "showing himself up," by repeating his autobiography, together with a copy of the College Laws, *verbatim et literatim, et punctuatim*.

By request of the Alumni, the Junior who has a "taste for everything," will appear in the costume of '76, and give a minute description of eleven battles of the Revolution, including the Battle of Bunker Hill, with specimens of fife and drum playing of his own day.

Swell Head Beavertoe, (F. B. S. H. A. S., Fellow Boston Aristocratic Soc.,) by request, and especially of the ladies, will read from the stage, (after it has been enlarged, expressly on his account,) an Essay on Fashion. His hands will be cased in white kids.

Beavertoe has spent many years in deep research, and has digested many authors on the subject. After which, he will give an ocular demonstration of the most approved method of carrying a cane, and also of "sitting at a mahogany table, and sipping white wine and champagne *a la mode de Beacon street*." But as the materials cannot be easily obtained here, he will draw up to a white-pine table, and, as a substitution, will sip two gallons of Keeler's (old Sam's) ale.

Perhaps some one may have noticed another certain spunky Junior promenading the streets, who, like weeds, is always where he is not wanted. This is an expensive object. He is the fellow who was on such a "bust" with borrowed clothes, a week before Bail Managers were elected; the fellow who "skunked" the Jew of seven dollars for a suit of clothes, to "splurge on, last Commencement; the chap who chaws more tobacco than any member of College, and never buys any. In fine, the *gent*, who "sprees and splurges" so awfully on the *quarters*, during a session (borrowed.)

We have been putting our Machine in working order, so as to heave off some "Machine Poetry" in his behalf. Whether we have made it out, we leave for the reader to decide, after perusing the following:—

NO QUARTERS! NO QUARTERS!

TUNE—"Massacre at Paoli."

Not a sound was heard, not a whispering note,
As he asked his friends for a quarter;
As our Junior wished that much to devote
To the black-board—sadly to alter.

He led them on softly, at dead of night,
The acid so prettily burning;
And just throwing it on, exerting his might,
He backed to the door without turning.

No strengthening courage entered his breast,
When he feared the tutors might waken;
But he ran like a SOLDIER doing his best,
He ran—did Mr. Cooked Bacon.

Few and short were the prayers he said,
And he spoke not a word, for sorrow;
But he continually rolled, on the top of his bed,
As he bitterly thought of the morrow.

He thought, as he turned his weary head,
And smoothed down his lowly pillow;
No QUARTERS again could he get, as he'd fled,
And he wished him away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the Junior that's gone,
And after he's sent off, they'll upbraid him;
Yet little he'll reck, if he'll only keep on,
In saving the QUARTERS they've paid him.

We were asked our opinion of Sophomore Saddlib, the other evening, by a pretty girl. We gave it. Her addition, however, was very nice—

"Now, Saddlib, he cuts extensive dashes,
With long, straight coat, and small moustaches."

Why is Charley R— of Carthaginian descent? Because he is a Punicus (*puny cuss*.)

Such as the above were the startling attractions of the morning. Excitement reigned about the college. The "persecuted" looked "daggers," while the "guilty ones" were highly pleased at this unexpected sensation.

Professor Jones's old "Black Joe" had made out to scrape off the notice posted in the night on the back of his carriage; yet soap and sand, hot water and brushes, were used in doing it; while Joe swore abruptly. Even the old Professor got quite wrathful about it, before breakfast, yet four cups of strong coffee (without milk and sugar), and a platter full of hot fried potatoes, made him pray in as nice and happy a style as usual in the Lecture Room.

Evening came. Wherever one wandered, amid the general intercourse of society, could be heard questions and answers concerning the above transactions. Certain young ladies appeared to feel very nice about it. "Who do you think did it?" was the question asked. Ah! yes! it was a question—but who answered it? Not the "Philistines."

LIBER IV.

THERE was fun ahead. As one week rolled away to give place to another, there appeared, for the second time, another record of "Items." All seemed as mysterious as ever. But for the "documents." Here is an extract:

IMPORTANT ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

We are obliged to place before our anxious readers—especially for the edification of certain students of *importance*—two chapters concerning the late disturbance, appertaining to a want of brains among the said class.

CHRONICLES OF THE "MUSS."

CHAPTER I.

1. Now it came to pass that there arose among the Juniors a mighty insurrection.

2. And one said to another, Come, let us rebel from under the grievous yoke the King of Belles-lettres has put upon us.

3. Then assembled they all in the room in which they were wont to meet, save a few, who had the fear of the law and their parents before their eyes.

4. Now it came to pass, when they were all assembled, that there arose a valiant man, and said:

5. "Come, let us draw up a writing signed with our own hands, and sealed, and let us say to the King,

6. "'Oh King! live forever. This, thy yoke, is too grievous to be borne; wherefore, be it known unto thee, that we will not do this thing which thou commandest, for we are able to deliver ourselves out of thy hands.'"

7. Then did there arise one who was hasty in council; who, in wrath, began to speak against the King, and in anger did he rail at those faithful servants who would do his will. In anger railed he.

8. Then one of these faithful servants opened his mouth, and spake: "Take heed, my brethren, for ye know not what ye do; neither do ye consider that this service which the King requireth is for our good."

9. Then there arose a great tumult. The cry went forth, "Put him out! Put him out!" and the assembly was swayed violently to and fro.

10. And the cry was so great that they scarcely restrained themselves, but that they should maltreat, and violently thrust forth, those who liked the service of the King.

11. So, by reason of their violence, those faithful servants fled, trembling, from the midst of the assembly.

12. Thus did these wicked Juniors hearken unto foolish counsel, and put far from them the fear of the King.

CHAPTER II.

1. But when the King of Belles-lettres heard how these servants had thrown off his yoke, he immediately summoned all his counselors and mighty men.

2. And they did counsel him to command these rebels to appear before him.

3. And that they be forever banished from his presence, into outer darkness.

4. Then did the hearts of the Juniors quake with fear, and their knees smote together; and they fell down, trembling before him.

5. Then the King, that he might make manifest his mercy, did command them to rise and stand upon their feet.

6. And he opened his mouth and spake—"Why do ye all so foolish, my children? Know ye not that I require of you this service that ye may thereby be profited?"

7. "But if ye will now return, and hearken unto my word, I will show mercy unto you; and the word wherewith I have threatened shall not be accomplished."

8. Then did these servants rejoice in their hearts, for they feared the King, after that he had decreed that they should be banished from his presence.

9. And they did promise that they would obey, in all that he required.

10. Now it came to pass that the faithful servants also went in before him, and did assure him that they had neither part nor lot in this matter, so serious, and reflecting against the King's authority.

11. Wherefore the King did reward them with presents, and they were raised above their fellows, in that they had refused to hearken unto the counsel of their wicked brethren.

Prior to the above "forgiveness" some members of the Faculty held a meeting upon the impositions of the Juniors. As our reporter was "tight" on that occasion, we did not receive a report, but, accidentally, a friend of ours who happened to be present, took notes of the same for us. It will bear a good perusal.

CONVENTUS FACULTATUS COLLEGII NEO CAESARIENSIS DE JUNIORUM REBELLIONE.

The reverend body having been duly assembled, the proceedings were opened by three distinct smacks of the lips from the venerable presiding officer. During the intervals of each, the next in authority retired to the door, and sent five Freshmen to their rooms. (The Greek tutor asked to be excused, that he might visit the rooms of a certain part of the College, as he had not yet gone around but four times that day.)

Immediately thereupon, the Adjunct Professor of Mathematics commences to cough, and clear his throat, preparatory to giving an investigation of the pending difficulty, but to the great regret of the reporter, the Belles-lettres Professor obtained the floor.

"Gentlemen," says he, "was there ever such impudence heard of in these time-honored walls? Our laws have been trampled upon. Order has been destroyed. My express commands have been completely set at defiance, except by a chosen band of men, who dare stand out for right. They have fearlessly asserted that they will not perform the duties which I had implicitly charged upon them. And what now remains to be done? Shall we stand by and see our authority disregarded, our laws violated with impunity?"

"Are we to be placed in such a humiliating position before those who are committed to our charge, as to be forced to regard their capricious whims? Rather let them be dismissed—all of the rebels. Still we have a chosen band

of followers. Yes, gentlemen, there are still many faithful men, of whom I am proud to make honorable mention. There are Brown, Pippins, Hood, Pepper, Covein, Slucer, and others, who must be remembered when the grades appear. Yes, and may the Faculty remember them all. Brown, Brown, too, must have the valedictory." (Here the Royal tutor in a fit of abstraction repeats tut, tut, tut, etc. Suppressed laughter on the part of the other members. Despite all his efforts, the face of the Adjunct Professor here alluded to, wears a broad grimace.)

The Greek Professor here rises to make a speech, when the face of the Mathematical Professor becomes considerably elongated, while the Latin Professor goes to sleep. "Gentlemen," says he, "you must trust this matter to me. I'll make it all right. I'll frighten the rebels to submission—I will. Eh, eh, eh—I'll send them all to their-r-r—I mean, I'll tell 'em that they shall write up those lectures or be sent off. There will be no necessity of putting this threat into execution, for where's the Junior whom I can't frighten at once into servile obedience? And if they don't happen to come into the traces, why, it won't matter much. At any rate, it won't hurt 'em any to frighten 'em a little." (Here, in consequence of being dry, the Dr. was compelled to sit down.) The Faculty meeting was then dispersed by the announcement that there were several Juniors tight in the Campus!

The above is a true report of the said doings. Unfortunately a few very "nice young Juniors" will be surprised to see it in print, after they played a manner of cards to keep it from gaining publicity. But Diogenes is about.

The young member of Room No. —, who boasts of attending "the first parties in town," comes justly under the following head—

I'm a dashing, sporting blade,
Of foppish fame, renown;
My tailor's bills I've never paid,
For I've the tic in town.

Now these clothes you see me wear,
I got on tic, you know;
That I might seem a Debonair,
And be a teeming beau.

Who calls a certain "D. D." notorious for his parsimoniousness, which occasionally runs into the wildest extremes:

"Like a peach that's got the yallars,
With its meanness bu'stin' out."

Now as the said "D. D." can't write "blank verse," or even *poetrie*, we have taken it upon ourselves to present to him the following very sentimental and pathological "poem" for his own edification. Before he peruses it, he should make himself acquainted with the contents of that long-necked jug, which occupies a very conspicuous place in his private office:

DR. W—'S SOLILOQUY.

I'm the laughing stock of all—
The young, the old, the great, the small;
From post to pillar I am chased,
And driven like a scout,
One to ask, at every corner's placed,
"Doc., what have you found out?"

For my part, nothing can I see,
Why they should poke their fun at me;
'Tis shameful, and with rage I burn,
That every stupid lout,
Should cry, whichever way I turn,
"Doc., what have you found out?"

My mind's made up, I will not stay,
But to some silent glen away;
I'll seek some peaceful, sheltering nook,
Where none can come and rout,
Or question me with flendish look—
Doc., what have you found out?"

Before closing these "Items," we would say that Fresh. Lang is preparing himself to give a public lecture, for the sake of explaining, with models, the various kinds of baths, and will endeavor to convince the readers that they are amphibious, and will convulse the public with extempore puns, and will give a specimen of opera singing.

Then we learn that Sam Tuke, having prematurely assumed Senior Dignity, will expatiate on the pleasure of dining with the "Belle of New Haven;" then correct some of "Old Jones's" mispronunciations in French, and conclude with reading a few extracts from his own improved edition of Ollendorf's French Grammar. Ladies in general will please observe the "French airs."

The ceremonies will conclude thus: Mr. Ned M— will appear. He is by many supposed to

be the original of the Flying Dutchman. His attitudes are such, that some even go so far as to assert that he formed the model of Apollo Belvidere and Laocoon. He will perform fancy gyrations on the stage. He will also imitate a bull-frog, and sing, in the words of *Bill Shakespeare*:

Thy soul is in the sky,
Tongue, loose thy light,
Moon, take thy flight,
Now, die, die, die, die!

And will immediately explode in a retort of nitric-acid.

The above made up the entire "*Items*." The excitement in regard to the same was great. Many of the students looked "grieved," while certain Professors openly avowed certain future intentions.

"Is Squire Binks in, young man?" inquired poor little Mrs. Poll Johnson, in rather a snapping tone, as she entered the law office, addressing a young, rough, fancy-looking lad.

"No, marm, Squire Binks is *not* in," was the sarcastic reply of the rattle-headed fellow, who sat chalking out ships upon a large pine table.

"Lor' sakes, Tom Johnson, who finds you in chalk to waste so, you young rascal?" snappingly asked the little old widow.

"That's none of your business, marm. How's milk and eggs nowadays?" and here Tom put his fingers on his nose.

"Oh, you young understrapper!" cried the distracted widow.

"What are you sniveling about, eh?" sprunt-ed up Tom.

"You have insulted a harmless woman, Tom Johnson; yes, you have, Tom Johnson." The young fellow laughed.

"Tell me, when will your master be in?" she sighingly asked again.

"When he comes in, marm," and he continued on chalking.

"I'll, I'll pull your hair—I'll, I'll chuck you under—"

"Come on, widow, and I'll let you have *Blackstone* right in the face—I will," and Tom stood erect upon the old pine table, with the statute book in hand.

"Oh, you young villain!"

"Hadn't you better call me scamp, too? S'pose you are arter *law*, eh, old widow?" and Tom's hair was all over his eyes.

"None of your business," she pertly replied, and wiping away tears from her eyes with her little blue apron, she gave Tom one good savage look, then turned and rushed out of the office.

"Go it, old widow!" cried out Tom, as he sprung for the door.

She had not been absent for more than ten minutes before in rushed Mrs. Dewesenberry, under a high state of excitement.

"Is your master in?" she abruptly asked.

"Who's my master?" roared out Tom Johnson, the little fellow's eyes flashing and snapping all ways.

"Why, the Squire is."

"We hear enough! Now look ahere, Mrs. Dewesenberry, I don't want you to give me any more of your lip, for I'm savage this morning, now I tell you, and I won't be insulted by no woman, anyhow."

"Lor' sakes, you need a smart spanking, you young scape-goat."

"Well, you can't do it. Just you say that again, you old brute of a 'grass widow,' and I'll let you have a little of the *lar* smack in your face," and he swung a big book to and fro in his hands.

"You're an abusive little puppy, that you are."

"Oh, you'd better go home, old woman, go to bed, and then see if you can't get right end foremost, once in your life."

"I'll report you, yes, yes," and shaking her fist, she left in a hurry.

"Go it, old widow!" he laughingly exclaimed.

Shortly after this, Squire Binks made his appearance. Tom was chalking out a "man-of-war" on the big pine table, as he entered. (The Squire was an old man, short in stature, and very puffy.)

"Any calls this morning, Thomas?" he asked, after seating himself.

"Yes, sir, two, if it please your honor."

"Two? But I didn't see their names upon the slate at the door, Thomas."

"No, sir—thought it wouldn't pay, your

honor; 'cause how, they were the two grass widows, and *nobody* else."

"What's that, have they been here again?" roared Binks.

"Oh yes, and both come in mad, and went out wrathy," was the boy's reply.

"Both of 'em may go to thunder," said the Squire, "and I must put a stop to it. Glad I was out, for I've been bothered enough with them."

"So have I, your honor," added Tom, very coolly.

"Guess some of the students have been playing more tricks upon them."

"Lor' sakes!" interrupted Tom, "hav'n't you heard of it, yer honor? They've posted one of their big bills right on both of the widows' front doors."

Squire Binks laughed.

"Next time they come here, your honor, I think they'll both tell you that I was very saucy to 'em, but, your honor, it's a big lie."

"Well, well, never mind, Thomas, never mind what they say."

"I guess they've gone up to the College, your honor. I think I see 'em, your honor, from this window, away up the street," said Tom, poking his long neck out of the window.

"Never mind, never mind. Go to your breakfast, Thomas."

LIBER V.

NIGHT had spread its ebon wings over the quiet and comfortable settlement of New Haven, and the staid had retired to repose, when some six students belonging to the "Philistine Society," stole a march upon the Faculty, and sallied forth in search of adventure, when they should have been slumbering in their virtuous beds. The party consisted of three "stiff Southerners," and three "hard Northerners,"—six young gents who could not live if deprived of a "good time," every now and then.

It was too early to enter upon any "bold movements," so to "kill time," they marveled down to "Old Sam Keeler's," the high-old-place of the clique.

"Don't want to be seen, I s'pose, boys, eh?" asked the old man, as they rushed into the big back room.

"No; close up the shutters, and lock the doors," said the ringleader.

"All O. K. I will, boys."

"Hurry up some of that best brandy, uncle, right off."

"Sartinly, sartinly, I will."

"Out of the black bottle, uncle."

"Sartinly, nothing else; sartinly not."

Sam Keeler was an original. He had reached the shady side of fifty years, and yet he was a boy for a good genteel time. He was a very short man, awful fat and puffy; if anything, disagreeably so—big face, large head, and very *nosey*—red as an onion at the end. The fat about his neck made it look like a net full of lemons, in form; and when he walked, his neck would shake at every motion.

Everybody loved him—the students in particular; and they made his place their headquarters. Then they loved him because he "trusted," and when "dead broke," he would hand over a *loan*, until they "heard from home." Calls of this nature were frequent, and as the old gentleman considered everybody honest in money affairs, because he was so himself, nobody went away with a refusal. He kept a little book on purpose for this, and eventually, the reader may, perhaps, have a pleasant time in perusing some of its extracts. Perhaps not, however.

"Keep a secret, eh?" asked the old man, as he brought on the brandy, sugar, and water.

"Certainly, Uncle Sam, certainly we can," replied Dan, the Vermonter.

"Sure of it, eh?" he again quizzingly asked.

"Just so, never fear, uncle."

"Four of your college-fellows left here a few minutes ago. They are going on a water-melon tour, an awful night's tramp."

"How do you know?"

"Lent 'em a big bag—ain't mistaken, for they told me *all*," said the old gentleman.

Oysters were ordered, and soon disappeared. Indeed, the boys were very hungry. Cigars were called for, and by times, liquor suffered. Everything seemed safe, for Uncle Sam had "bolted and locked up the premises."

"Then you think that Ogleish was one of 'em, eh?" inquired Dan.

"Can't say—*never know names, when you come to that*." This was one of Sam's keen replies.

"But you expect them back *here*, to-night?"

"Guess not," was the laconic reply.

"Take another drink of that good old Santa Cruz, Uncle Keeler."

"I think the party *may* call here on their return," said Sam, as they imbibed again.

"Just so, very likely," and as Dan said this, he gave the North Carolina member a sly wink.

"Had a good many good times in this big back room, I suppose?" asked the Alabamian.

"Oceans of good times, yes, yes," and Keeler, who occupied his arm-chair, gave one of his long grunts.

"Good deal of devilry planned here, undoubtedly?" continued the Alabamian.

"Wal, some, I reckon."

"Take another drink with us, uncle, for it won't hurt you," coaxed Dan.

He did so.

"Well, I'm *pretty sartin* that the boys will come in when they come back along."

"We hope so," said one.

Presently as the old man tipped again the glass decanter to add a little San Cruz into his tumbler, he added:

"I think they said they should stop."

"Good!" whispered one.

"I told you so," responded another.

"We will hang on and have some fun yet," added another of the gang.

It was amusing to look upon Keeler, as he sat there whiffing a cigar, with his feet upon one side of the table. Some people said that he took more comfort than any other man. Perhaps it was so. He had always enjoyed himself, and had remained a stiff old bachelor. Some called him "Uncle Sam," some "Clever Sam," some "Old Sam," some "Uncle Keeler," others "Fat Sam," and then "Bachelor Sam Keeler." Any of these nick-names he readily recognized.

"Where are you fellows bound to-night, eh?"

They laughed, but made no reply.

"On some kind of devilry, I'll bet; yes, some kind of a 'reform' has got to take place, afore you hounds sleep. Wall, never mind, boys, if you don't tell me; but let me warn you to have your eyes open and look out about you."

"We will, uncle," replied Dan.

"Any hurry about going?" inquired the old chap.

Dan looked at his gold watch and then observed:

"Not until about ten o'clock, if you are willing that we should remain here, uncle."

"Sartinly, sartinly, gentlemen, stay as long as you please, as I can sit here and think about Napoleon Bonaparte, just as well as though I were in bed."

The Alabamian began to laugh at the old man's remark.

"What's up?" inquired Dan.

"Laughing at what my father told me just before I left home. He said to me, 'Go and see old Sam Keeler, the old chap who talks everlastingly about Napoleon—how he admires him because he once said 'Give me a big-nosed man—they are my choice,' for you'll find him a very jolly old fellow.' I promised, and did call, didn't I, Uncle Sam?"

"Yes, the very day you come to town, too."

This remark pleased the old man, as he had an enormous "proboscis." Thus it can be seen why he delighted to talk about Napoleon.

"How your *dad* used to go it here," observed Keeler, in his easy, agreeable tone. "I never shall forget him; he paid me lots of money, off and on, but that was a great many years ago. Say, boys, would you like to have me 'lay myself out' on telling you some old, rich and racy college scrapes, eh?"

All felt anxious that he should "spread himself." He was very politely asked to do so.

"Then I will, boys."

"But what will you have to drink all round, before starting?" asked Jed, of Tennessee.

Brandy, of course, followed. After having done justice to the bottle, Uncle Sam hemmed twice, and began:

"I hardly know where to commence, seeing how I know so many. Guess you never heard of 'Old Billings's' cow, eh? Wal, then, I'll tell you. One morning old Professor Jones got up

pretty early, and took a walk about town. He came paddling down about Yale College, but all was still enough thereabouts. This was about four o'clock in the morning. Arter the old cove had taken a tramp all about the lower part of the town, he bolted home along the same old way, anxious, no doubt, to get home in time for his 'morning bitters,' and as he was going it on Greek, and Hebrew, and Latin, or some other kind of dead language, he all at once heard a cow bellow in rather a mournful way. On looking upward, he observed a cow's head sticking out of a window on the second story of one part of the College, and a big piece of board roped up over her horns, on which was painted in big letters—

'Pure Milk For Sale Here.'

"Up rushes the old cove, with silver-bound spectacles in his hand, and when old Jones saw the fixings, he burst right out 'haw-hawing'—for to keep from laughing he couldn't. There stood the critter, all roped up as stout and as nice as was needed, while everybody within seemed to be sleeping.

After the old man had taken a good survey of the fixings, he goes at once and rouses the whole Faculty. But what did it amount to? Nothing at all; for, do their best, they couldn't find who done it; in fact, nobody would know anything about it. But, I'll be hanged, if it wasn't a comical sight, and it made a deal of fun and talk all about town."

"A fine yarn, uncle; but we'll drink, and then for another reminiscence," said the President of the "Philistine Society," the Albanian.

"Wal, I'm agreeable," said Keeler.

This was an old and worn-out expression of his—an oft-repeated saying.

"Now, then, take a fresh cigar," and the President passed round the box.

"At another time," continued 'old fatty,' as he landed himself again into his great easy-chair, "a lot of the boys felt as though they couldn't live unless they cut up, on that night, some kind of mischief. Wal, they goes and gets Bill Welch's old one-eyed horse, and leads him into the main doorway of the College, and thence to the spot where swung the old bell-rope. It was an awful dark kind of night. This was about one o'clock in the morning.

"Wal, they got an old sugar-box, in which was a lot of hay and oats, and after the devils had tied the bell-rope about Bill Welch's old one-eyed horse's neck, so that in grabbing for oats and hay, the bell would surely strike, the boys, with boots in hand, put for their rooms. Soon a regular hubbub was kicked up, and out came everybody, engines and all. Now, just as quick as these fellows had left clothes and collar, and ruffled up their hair, down they start, hollowing 'Fire! fire! fire!' as loud as a small clap of thunder.

"Wal, in a few minutes arter the first alarm, you'd better believe that there was a little cussing and swearing, saying nothing about the snorting and kicking of old Bill Welch's nag. Everybody was mad."

"Did they find out who did it?" asked one.

"Wal, no, I rather guess not, although the Faculty tried to be pretty smart. You see, boys," added Sam, with a smile, "I didn't run out of my bed in the cold January wind, to look for the fire, for a gang of students planned it all on that night, right here in this 'ere room; and the head chap says to me privately, 'Uncle Sam, if you hear the bell to-night, or the cry of 'fire,' don't put yourself to any unnecessary trouble, for it's all in the family.' What a devil that Maryland chap was!" and Uncle Sam smacked his lips together when he said it.

"Tell us his name?" said one, innocently.

"Don't never know names, when you come to that," was his keen reply. "I'll say one thing, however—he's one of the biggest politicians out now in this country. I never shall forget him. What lots of money he paid me from time to time, and how he used to go it among the ladies! He's the chap who turned a certain church bell bottom side up, on a cold winter's night, and then filled it with water, so that it froze right up. What a churching-time there was about that ere thing! But he was too much for 'em."

"Uncle, let us all drink now, before proceeding any further," interposed Dan.

"Wal, I'm agreeable."

"That chap, the Maryland boy, was a great gal-hunter, a tremendous lady-killer," con-

tinued Keeler, as he sat licking the sugar out of his tumbler. "He was well-acquainted with all the first ladies in town—took 'em to balls and parties, and sleighing. He got about fifteen gals on a string, at one time; and, lordy, what lots of letters and these little perfumed bill joseys—"

"You mean *billet-doux*, Uncle Sam," interposed the Alabamian, with a smile.

"Yes, them's 'em, but it was an awful expensive job for him—and how the cunning fellow would soap his mother. One time he wrote her thus: 'Dear mother—I'm in a great speculation—must have two hundred dollars more.' He got it, and it wa'n't long before he comes in and says to me: 'Spare fifty dollars, handy, Mr. Keeler?' And says I, 'Of course.' He sits right down then, and pens a letter home to this effect: 'Dear mother—Everything looks fine and encouraging—prospects are brightening, and I am in a great speculation; must have only two hundred dollars more.' Back came the money, and—"

"But allow me to interrupt you, uncle," said Dan. "What was the speculation?"

"Guess."

They all did, but to no purpose.

"Then, I'll tell you. He got acquainted with the Widow—'s only daughter, away up town, and as she was an awful rich heiress, his great speculation was—her."

"And how did he come out?"

"Got cofilumixed," replied Keeler, "by a young Bostonian."

"And yet he spent a good deal of money in this speculation, uncle?"

"Dan, he spent oceans of money. The gal made him think that he was A No. 1 in her heart and mind: made him come up and take tea with the family pretty often; rode out together in the old woman's fine carriage; used to send right to the College after him, to come immediately to her, as she had been confined to her bed for three days, merely because he had not called; and then, don't you think, he went one time on such an excuse, and found her playing at the piano, with an old lover of hers by the witch's side. This was the way she used to keep him in boiling hot water. Then he used to come in here, and tell me all, privately, and get my opinion what he ought to do next. She gave him, one time, a big lock of her hair to wear in the toe of his right boot, so many days, and so many nights, as she told him that there was a charm in it; and the fellow believed it, and did accordingly.

"But I must tell you about another time, when this Maryland gentleman played his cards awful nice. One dreadful cold night, he took a young gal out a-sleighing, and they went off away out of town. Before they got back, it was the 'short hours of morning,' and unfortunately they 'broke down,' and when they arrived back, it was impossible to wake up the gal's mother. The poor little gal was 'half froze,' at that; so he says, 'Go with me to my room, where I will build up a fire so that you can get warm.' She did so, and he meant her no harm in the world, for he loved her. Says she, 'I'd better do that than freeze to death in the cold air.' It seemed that the gal was part Dutch and part Yankee, for she wore squeaking shoes. The fellow had on one of these big fashionable cloaks; he took her up in his arms, and wrapped the cloak all about her when he came to the stairs. Going along slyly, who should he see ahead but one the Professors, with a lantern in his hand, coming down-stairs. It seemed he had been to still some noisy students. The fellow turns right about, and puts down, still keeping the little gal under the cloak, but the sly old Professor knew too much.

"'Hollo, there, young man—which way at this early hour of the morning?'"

"'Just got back, sir; am going to carry a saddle home, sir, according to promise.'"

"'That will do, that will do, young man; but pull up the stirrups,' and saying this, the old Professor laughed lightly, and kept back.

"You see," continued Keeler, with a grin, "the gal's gaiters were just sticking out under the cloak."

This story put the boys in high glee, and, of course, all hands had to drink on the strength of the "stirrups."

The next morning, bright and early, over goes the fellow to old Jones's house, and there tells him all—explaining everything in a satisfactory way."

After the old man had finished, Dan took the

liberty of "spreading himself," by telling a few scrapes. After he had done, Keeler was at it again.

"This room has seen a good many big old times, and it's my candid opinion, there's been more deviltry concocted hereabouts, than in any other place about town. When the boys were out 'sparking' of a Sunday night—and you had better believe there used to be some *sparking*—and didn't dare poke home to their college-rooms, they'd come here to my bedroom window, and after rapping away, would bellow out, 'Uncle Sam.' So up I used to get and let 'em in. Sometimes there would be eight or ten, then again fifteen or twenty, of a night; and oh! what mighty adventures they used to get off as they laid sprawling about this room. I used to laugh by the hour. One would ask a *chum* what kind of success did he meet with—what time he took the last kiss; while another one would ask a friend, whether his gal was glad to see him; whether he took tea with the old folks, and what was his candid opinion about his success. Then somebody would begin to inquire about getting home to their own rooms, or who could say that they had their lessons, while all felt pretty anxious to *shine*. There used to be a wag of a fellow at Yale, who went by the name of 'Easy Davy,' and I recollect the boys used to twit him about 'courting the widow's daughter.' I didn't know about the particulars; but arter a dozen of 'em had told their love experiences here one night, 'Happy Davy,' as some called him, rapped on my window for admission. After Jed opened the door and let him in, the boys began to ask him how he left the 'widow's daughter.' He then began to 'blow, and he told 'em that he had taken his oath never to go there again; and when asked why, the wag said:

"'Because when I got ready to come away, just now—just after two o'clock this morning, I found that the old widow, the gal's mother, instead of going to bed, as she said, about ten o'clock in the evening, had remained up; for as I passed out of the yard, she up's with the window in the other part of the house, and yells out to me—'Davy, Davy, you must come up again soon, for my daughter will want to see you again, surely.'"

As Keeler squealed this out, a la "Miss Nancy" style, it created a general laughter.

"We must drink on the strength of that forthwith," said Harry.

"Wal, I'm agreeable," replied Keeler.

"Hark!" whispered one.

Several loud raps followed.

"Them boys have come, by jingo!" observed Uncle Sam, as he got up from out his easy-chair.

"Open the side-door, uncle—open quickly," roared a voice outside.

"Heigho!" exclaimed the old fellow as he made for the door.

On opening, in rushed three students—the three hailing south of Mason and Dixon's line.

"Fasten your doors, uncle. Hallo! What! are you here, boys?" cried forth Ogleish.

"All in the family," averred Dan.

"Uncle, see that the curtains are all down, right, if you please."

"All right, my boy!"

The three had landed upon the floor a large bag filled with watermelons.

"What success, boys?" inquired the old man, in an earnest way, as one of the three began untying the bag.

"Capital, uncle; have just got some of the finest watermelons ever raised in these parts. Just wait until I loosen this rope, and then you can see for yourself."

"Run clear of exposures, eh?" asked the old fellow, as he felt of them, bag and all.

"All but the dogs—"

"And steel traps," added another one of the three.

"Wal, you three chaps look as though you'd been introducing yourselves to a Florida swamp."

"That's the fact," added Dan.

"Look at Ogleish's pants, boots and hat—one ripped, another torn, and the hat all stove in."

"And see Joe's coat, too."

"Curse the rope!" said the fellow who was sweating away, trying to untie it.

"Awful big feeling ones," announced Dan, as he felt of bag and all.

"Gracious! ain't they!" added the Rhode Islander.

"Never mind our looks, gentlemen, for we have got one of the greatest adventures to relate ever heard of. Ah! I've untied it, at last, now, uncle, give us a *lift* here, and we'll show you the watermelons, as is watermelons," cried Ogleish.

At it they went, when, lo and behold, out rolled about *nine of the largest and greatest pumpkins* you ever saw!

"There, what do you say now, uncle?" sincerely inquired Ogleish.

"My God!" yelled out old "Fat Sam," full of laughter. "Wal, skin me if they ain't *'some pumpkins'* and no mistake!"

"Oh, crackie!" roared out Dan.

By this time Keeler was rolling about the floor, laughing away as though he would split his sides. He would eye the pumpkins for a moment, then he would give a yell and a kick, and the way he would roar out was a caution. Dan and his company were highly elated, but the *three victims* looked green!

"What's the matter with all of you? Fact, you all act as though the devil were in you! Speak up, Ogleish."

"Yes; what the d—l are you all laughing at?" asked Joe.

"Why, Lor's sake! they are big green pumpkins! They ain't watermelons," bawled out Keeler.

"Are they?" innocently asked one of them.

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried out the old man.

"What a sweet sell!" exclaimed Ogleish.

Here the whole party roared again.

"Then examine that," observed Keeler, after he had split one with an ax.

"This is a pretty how-do-you-do," said one of the immortal three. "But give us something to drink, mighty quick."

"Yes, we need something immediately," interposed Ogleish, who looked "sheepish" enough.

"How did you make such a mistake? was it very dark?" asked the old gentleman, with a smile.

"Very, uncle. Oh, curse the luck! I'll never hear the last of this, I suppose. But I'll tell you all about it."

"But hold up," cried out Uncle Sam—

"Where on earth is Joggles? Didn't he go with you?"

"Yes, he's on the road somewhere."

"What, behind, yet?"

"Bring on the hot water, uncle, and then I'll tell you the whole story," replied Ogleish, as he held tumbler and liquor in his hand. This was a high scene of merriment.

"Gentlemen, I'll tell you. Yesterday afternoon I rode out with a young lady, and as we were returning into town, I happened to observe a large field of watermelons, hard by a tract of woods. The young lady said that they were watermelons, and so did I—"

"That's as much as 'Lize' knew."

"Thank you, Dan, it was not Miss Eliza."

"Miss Pump, then, I'll bet."

"Better call it Miss *Pump-kin*," added Harry, as he gazed upon the *nine pumpkins*.

"Well, gentlemen, say what you please. I stopped the horse, got out, and marked the course from the road with my pocket compass, so as to be able to find them from a certain point at midnight, when we went after them. The distance was about three good miles from here. Wouldn't you call it so, Peter?"

"Just about three miles, Ogleish."

"Well, after we left your place, to-night, uncle, we hired Bill Jinks's old horse and lumber wagon, on the *sky*. We were to walk out of town apiece, and he was to meet us with it. He did so, and then he came back. We four started off for the cruise. When we reached my old place where I took the course from the road with my pocket compass, we hitched the horse to a fence, and then started for the watermelon field. We struck it."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared forth the company.

"Never mind, hear me through. We piled them in the bag. Peter out with his knife to try that big one on the floor there, and as it was a hard-shell one he broke it."

"There's four shillings gone," he said.

"When we got them in the bag, and all tied up, we started for the road, but such traveling you never saw before. We had to wade through brooks, pass through swampy wet land, mud and ditches."

"Should say so, by the looks of you three fellows," interrupted Dan.

"When we got the bag into the wagon,

Joggles turned the old horse's head toward home, and off we came—"

"Who drove?" interrupted Sam.

"Well, Joggles did. We come along the road pretty fast for about a mile, when the horse stopped, all of a sudden, and that, too, at the foot of a long hill, when we were skimming over the ground at the rate of twelve miles the hour. The sudden stoppage turned Joggles right on the old nag's back, and I went after him, while the other two fellows lay sprawling about the wagon."

"But we all got out to see what was the matter, while Joggles swore away like a pirate, that he'd smashed two or three of his ribs. We found that the old horse was *backing*, and had no notion of going ahead, nowhere."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared forth the assembly, who felt in a very laughing mood.

"Here's a pretty go," said Joggles.

"We took him by the bits—we pulled, we coaxed, we pushed, all four of us doing our best; but it was no use—he was *balky as thunder*, and wouldn't go ahead one inch. This was about half-past three o'clock this morning."

"No, no; half past one," interrupted one of his "pumpkin" comrades.

"Yes, half-past one, I should have said. Well, in about one hour's time, the horse took it into his head to start off in a hurry, so we four were obliged to get in, or tumble in, as we could, fearing that if we stopped him for that purpose, the ornery beast would stop for good. We came along for about half a mile under the jump, yes, at a smashing lick, up the hill and down, and then there was no such thing as 'holding him in.' As we came down a hill, under a full head of steam, the wheels sometimes barely touching the ground, and the beast snorting ahead, he stopped all of a sudden, and out goes Joggles, sprawling."

This made the company laugh. Ogleish told it in a very amusing way.

"There we were," he continued. "All of us began to swear, and yet that did no good, for we had to deal with an awful *balky* nag. After coaxing, patting, pushing and fretting, we all got into the wagon, and then waited patiently for a go. He finally went about forty rods, and then he took it into his head to stop. Here we were all standing once more."

"Finally, after he had fussed about for some time, we concluded that we had better take the bag on our shoulders, and foot it into town. Joggles, who is an ornament to our society, and a fellow who never *yields*, openly declared that he would have the best of the horse, anyhow, and so advised us three fellows to come on ahead, and he would remain to get the horse and wagon home. So, this being understood, we three have backed this long heavy bag; and now to think that we *Southerners* have been 'taken in' by a lot of *Northern pumpkins*, for *Carolina watermelons*!"

"Oh Lord," shouted out old Sam, who seemed to be full of laughter.

"That's rich," said Dan.

"Then 'Joggles,' undoubtedly is still on the road?" asked Sam.

"Somewhere; but give me some more brandy, uncle," said Ogleish.

"Immediately: Joggles will be here soon, then?"

"Can't tell about that; it will be just as the old horse says. If Jog. takes it into his head to get the best of him, he'll wait there all night and all day, for you know he asks no odds of nobody—the *Faculty* in particular. He'll kill the horse, before he would *yield*."

When Ogleish had concluded, Uncle Sam laughingly remarked:

"I guess, boys, I can afford to open a new box of cigars on the strength of this night's tour."

"Ah, that's right, do."

"Wish Jog. was here; but all's right with him, for he took a flask of *my* brandy with him."

"Did he?"

"Yes he did, Ogleish."

"There, I'll bet he's 'tight' by this time," said one of the circle.

"Never mind, he's a 'trump,' isn't he?"

"Yes, he's all that," rejoined Dan.

One hour passed, but no Joggles had arrived. Daylight would soon dawn. Time passed, and yet he came not. They soon adjourned, save Dan and his clique, as *business called them elsewhere*.

Morning came, and the god of day rose from

his nocturnal couch. Ogleish and his companions were at prayers in due time, but the immortal Joggles was missing. After prayers they went to his room, but the bed had been undisturbed. Breakfast came, and yet Joggles's chair was vacant.

"What do you think has become of him?" asked Ogleish of his companion, Joe.

"Can't imagine."

"He must have got 'tight,' on the strength of that flask of brandy."

"Very likely; and then fell asleep. Nat has been down to Uncle Keeler's, but he said he had not seen him."

"Very strange, isn't it?" asked Ogleish.

"Perhaps he has got kicked to death by the horse," said Joe, with a half-hidden smile.

Some little time after this, as a good number of students stood about the college discussing various matters, quite a racket was heard in the street, when, in a twinkling, there appeared the renowned and comical looking Joggles, with reins tight in hand, his head hatless, driving the old *balky* horse under a *dead run*, while the old lumber wagon made a roaring and buzzing noise. He was evidently "tight," quite so, and therefore was in one of his fearless moods, for he turned suddenly and rushed the old horse into the large college yard, yelling loudly, and laying back in fine style, as though he imagined he was running "Moscow," "Lady Suffolk," or the celebrated "Flora Temple." The wagon was loaded with green pumpkins and small stones.

As he appeared in the yard in this truly comical manner, all hands began to laugh immoderately. He yelled at the nag, *a la Mose*, took a wide sweep about the yard, while the poor beast planted his big feet down quick, and panted short; and wishing, no doubt, to display his Jehu-like tact of horsemanship, he suddenly turned "the critter" short on the bit, when over went the old wagon, pumpkins, wood and stones, followed by long-legged Joggles himself, head over heels with a rush. In a twinkling, the poor frightened horse dashed off down the street, with the four wheels of the wagon attached to him; and a score of voices yelled, "Whoa!" "Stop horse!" "Look out!" "Whoa!"

"No bones broken!" cried out Joggles, as he picked himself up from among the stones and pumpkins, among which he had been so unceremoniously pitched.

Had the poor fellow been killed outright, many of the students could not have desisted from laughing, as the scene was so grotesquely comical. Joggles was pretty "tight," and he looked as though he had had a hard siege of it.

"Where the d—l have you been, eh?" inquired an "outsider."

"None of your bus-bus-business, you, you dilapidated Junior," said Joggles, as he began to "gather" himself up.

"Been taking a drive before breakfast?" mischievously asked another "youth."

"Shut up! you green Freshman," enjoined Joggles with much force.

"Come, come, get to your room before any of the Faculty see you," whispered Ogleish, who took him by the arm.

"Hold up!" cried Jog., "who's afraid of the the-the Faculty? Old Louisiana's son can look out for himself, yes-sir-ree, sir, he-he-he can."

"But come on, Joggles, and don't act so."

"Get out! Who's afraid, Ogleish; I ain't. Hasn't some one of the Faculty wrote to my mother that she must take me-me-me home, or else I must be ex-ex-expelled? I'd like to see the whole batch of 'em undertake to force me away from this re-re-re-renowned and glo-glo-glorious institution—I would! Shall I obey-obey them, or-or-or shall I o-obey my mother? That's the question, and a ques-ques-question it is on the square, and no mis-mis-mistake. She sent me here—she did, boys—yes, the old la-la-dy, my mother, forced me, her only dar-dar-dar-ling son, to grad-grad-graduate here at 'Old Yale,' and ain't I going to? I'm thinking I will—I'm-I'm-I'm thinking I am. My mother gave me birth, and it's my du-du-du-duty to listen to her kind voice, and to—"

"Oh, shut up your gab, Joggles, and come with me to your room," stoutly interposed Tim and Ogleish.

"But sha'n't I, ain't it my du-du-du-duty to mind the old la-la-dy? Ain't it law and gos-gos-gospel, eh?"

Joggles was very "tight." They made out to get him to his room. It tickled the by-

standers to hear him discuss the points above mentioned; for every one put him down as being the only really independent and fearless student among them all. "Ain't he a perfect brick?" asks one. "Joggles is a high old fellow," said another. "That fellow loves his mother," added a third one. "He does not care a pickle for the Faculty," muttered forth a fourth one; while the people in general declared the "Louisiana boy" to be the greatest case out. And yet Joggles was a fine and brilliant scholar.

"This is a pretty affair now, isn't it?" said Ogleish, in a stout tone, soon after they reached his room.

"Don't begin to jaw me now, old fel-fel-fellow, for I meant to get-get-get the best of that old boc-boc-boc-balky horse; and didn't I do it glo-glo-glo-gloriously, eh?"

Both Ogleish and Tim were obliged to turn aside and smile.

"I want it dis-dis-distinctly understood, that Joggles never yields in no case. No-sir-ree, sir."

"Oh, shut up, you're gassing. Now where have you been ever since half-past three o'clock this morning, eh?"

"Don't you know?" instantly asked Joggles.

"Know? How should we?"

"Why, I've been waiting patiently for that cursed old balky horse to start!"

Neither of them could desist from laughing outright.

"Oh, I've had one of the times, now, you'd better believe! When you get old Louisiana fairly star-star-started, boys, I'm a mod-mod-modern Brutus—a young Achilles—one of the infant gladiators—one of the b'hoys—one of-of-of—"

"Tut, tut, tut," said Ogleish. "Why did you dare to come up here with the horse and wagon, and thus expose things in such a way?"

"Didn't I turn a short cor-cor-corner handsome, eh? Didn't Joggles do it del-del-delicately nice, eh?"

"Answer my question," said Ogleish, with a sober look.

"And didn't the old wag-wag-wagon take a pretty fair kind of a genteel rev-rev-revolution, eh?"

"Oh, curse the revolutions and upsets. Tell me why you imposed upon us in such a manner? Look at your clothing, all torn, all muddy—your boots all ripped and your hat lost. You are a pretty ornament to the "Philistine Society."

"Ain't they got a rich owner? Ain't there more clothes where these come from?"

"There will be a devil of a fuss kicked up about this affair, I'm afraid," said Tim. "Look at the pumpkins, the stones, and the wood," he added, as he gazed out of the window.

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared out Joggles, as he threw himself on the bed. "That water-water-water-melon scrape was a killing time, and no mistake. Now, I'll tell you all about it," said he, as he raised himself up. "After you fellows left me, I took a good horn of brandy out of my flask. Then I smoked; and when I'd smoked up the whole of the se-se-segar, he was no go. I then took another horn—a light one—of brandy, to keep the morn-morn-morning chills off, you see—see; and then I sat, pa-pa-patiently whistling away, reckoning that the old fel-fel-fellow would soon put off in a hurry, every minute.

"Well, he didn't. I then got out and went to filling the old lum-lum-lumber wagon with stones off a wall, and after I'd got in a good load, he took it into his head to start—and he did. I jumped in. He went for about three times the length of the college, and then wouldn't go. I kicked, I pat-pat-patted, I whipped, I got upon his back, and I pushed—but it wasn't of any use at all. I looked over the wall, and spied a lot of water-water-water-melons, so I hove 'em into the wag-wag-wagon."

Here both of his friends laughed heartily.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Go on—never mind, now, for we will tell you all, soon."

"Well, after waiting for more than two good hours, he star-star-started—and what a start! He came rushing ahead for a piece, and then stopped again. It was about eight o'clock this morning, or thereabouts, before he agreed to act decent; and after I got-got-got him under good headway, off must go my hat—but I dared not stop, so I put whip, and rushed into town, as though the very devil was after me.

So I came up here merely to dis-dis-display myself, and didn't I?"

It was useless for his friends to undertake to keep in a sober mood. After he had explained all things, one of his friends did the same; whereupon Joggles became very wrathful when informed about the mistake—pumpkins vs. watermelons. How the fellow did swear!

"Then we Southerners 'sold' ourselves, eh?" he cried out. "Green pumpkins for watermelons, eh? That's the reason the old horse wouldn't go—he wouldn't draw such trash—darn'd if he would! I see-see-see it all now-now, clear as mud—clear as mud-mud-mud!"

Joggles was reposing.

LIBER VI.

"HEARD the news, Dan?" asked a fellow-student, on the following morning, near the hour of ten.

"No, I have not," innocently replied Dan.

"Great times in and out of town last night, if all the reports be true. Old Fletcher was robbed of a fine watermelon field; Deacon Hammo's gates were unhung and thrown into the pond; poor old Poll Johnson's chimney got a decoration—old Bill Sim's grindstone, frame and all; Lawyer B's sign was found nailed up on Mrs. Dewesberry's house; Hazzard's sign was turned bottom side up, over Luce White's front windows; while, to top off with, Colonel Joe Blake's old mare was found this morning with the hair of her tail, mane, and fore-top, all cut closely off, and her body closely sheared. On one of her sides were two big letters, 'O. K.,' and on the other 'J. B.,' painted with some kind of hard-looking mixture."

"How did you hear of all this?" asked Dan, in accents of surprise.

"Why, it's public talk, down town."

"Well, it's too bad, all of it, save Joe Blake's old mare," replied Dan; "for he ought to be come up with when he would dare arrest a man and lodge him in jail for two days without a warrant! It's all right."

"I shouldn't wonder if an action was brought this very morning against the guilty parties."

"But name them," said Dan, quickly.

"They belong about Yale, I understand," was the satirical answer.

"Sir, I do not believe any such thing. It is strange to me that all the didoes, scrapes, and all the deviltry, is laid to us students. Can you, will you, tell me why this is so?"

"Don't know, Dan."

No one would have supposed that Dan knew anything about this deviltry under consideration; yet the cunning fellow did know a great deal.

Some time during the forenoon, a certain rigid Professor undertook the liberty of asking the several classes in the various departments a few impertinent questions to this effect:

"Those students who were absent from their rooms last night after — o' clock, will please rise!"

Some thirty odd persons did so. The inquiries made concerning "their absence" was extremely laughable. An Alabamian gave his reasons: he was conversing at that hour with a young lady, residing some two miles out of town, and since the question had been asked in such a way as to demand an impartial reply, he added that he cared not who knew it! The Georgia chap was at "his aunt's," and when asked where she resided, he replied that "she lived private." A Rhode-Islander was at "his uncle's," and he answered to a certain rejoinder, that it mattered not to the Faculty whereabouts "said uncle resided." Dan, when accosted, replied that he made it a practice to tell the truth, and would therefore remark that he was "playing at cards with a sociable whist-party, at the residence of the Hon. Mr. Brown." The Professor could make nothing out of Dan, so did not question further. He looked hard toward Joggles, but knowing that it was next to an impossibility to make any "boot" out of such a wag, he passed by him. Many other innocent young gentlemen answered in about the same tone.

"Those who were engaged in stealing watermelons last night, will please rise."

This bold demand of the Professor's was received with a shock of surprise. No one answered to the call.

"Those who were engaged in eating watermelons last night, after — o'clock, will please rise."

A perfect silence ensued. No one obeyed. Thus proceeded the bold Professor, divulging from time, the whole occurrences of the night previous. After he had finished, a great number of students looked surprised, for before the examination they were ignorant of the facts. The Professor took great pains to inform them at large, that a "further investigation" would, perhaps, find out and bring to justice the guilty persons. No one was frightened, however.

As evening dawned, it was the general theme of discussion all over town. Some had their suspicions, others their doubts, while the general impression was that some of the "Yale College Students" could "unfold a tale." The venerable, grave-looking "Uncle Sam Keeler" would cock up his little blue eye, give the fat about his neck a shake with his right hand, and then "wonder who the devil did them are cutting-up-didoes and scrapes?"

During some part of the evening, the "Philistine Society" held a secret meeting, every member being present. Other secret societies held a meeting at the same time, for the reason that the "late revelations" had caused a deal of indignant excitement in various channels, as the charges had been laid to many an "innocent duck."

"Mr. President," said Nat, of South Carolina, and whose gods were pistols, handsome women, and good wine, "we are all aware of the existing state of things among the "outsiders," respecting the proceedings of last night. Something must be done to meet those aggravating charges which have been thrown into our face this day, in divers ways.

"Sir, it is hard work for me to command my feelings toward certain 'outsiders,' but as I am among Northerners, who "love peace and the good things of life," I have come to the conclusion to forget pistols, the use of bowie-knives, dirks, and sword-canes, and to aim my attacks on my antagonists with my pen."

"Good! good! You're able to do it, too. Read! read!" exclaimed several of his friends.

"Gentlemen, we are aware that some certain members of the Senior and Junior Classes have taken it upon themselves to throw out insinuations respecting the doings of last evening. The Senior Class must be paid, sir, for their insolence—must be met face to face; for that 'dignified body,' now anxiously looking ahead for the 'Honors,' for certain points of eminence and distinction, have taken it upon the stronghold of revenge and jealousy, to charge everything, pointedly and openly, to the 'Philistine Society.' Who ever heard of such a bare-faced insult?

"Sir, as a humble member of this joyful Society, I have taken the liberty of reversing everything, and of charging the entire plot to no one else than the Senior Class."

"Good! good!—decidedly rich," interposed a member.

"Go it, old South Carolina! you're able," yelled out "She-cargo."

"Gentlemen, in doing so, I am merely fighting them with their own weapons, and exercising the privilege of a member of this Society by using the Lex Talionis, which, if I mistake not, is the primal principle of this association. And, gentlemen, I have taken the liberty of using these very 'blowers' names who have dared to be so bold as to use ours; so bold as to say, publicly, that this Society knew everything concerning the affair. Is not this 'putting it on rather thick,' my friends? Shall we allow ourselves to be rode over in such a manner? Although I am myself a member of the Senior Class, Mr. President, and one who is looking sharply ahead for 'the honors,' as well as a few other anxious gents, yet those notorious chaps who have 'blowed,' must be met, and to do that, the Seniors at large must suffer the consequences, although we did the mischief.

"Gentlemen, with your permission, I will now read the hasty production:—

"WHO PAINTED COLONEL BLAKE'S BEAST?"

Written in Hippocatalectic and Paintmeter Verse.

"Who painted the Colonel's beast?
We did, the Seniors said,
All answering to a head,
We painted the Colonel's beast.

"Who painted his body?
I, says Fordon,
After swigging brandy toddy,
I painted his body.

"Who mixed up the paint?
I, says Hen Raint,
With the meekness of a saint,
I mixed up the paint.

"Who procured the white lead?
I, said Joe Pikehead,
'Ere I retired to bed,
I got the white lead.

"Who mixed in the soot?
I, said pompous little Moot,
As I thought it would just suit,
'Twas I mixed the soot.

"Who caught him in the stable?
I, says Bainbridge—'tis no fable—
Being willing, stout and able,
I caught him in the stable.

"Who shaved off his tail?
I, said gallant Ned Hale,
Without heeding his wail,
I shaved off his tail.

"Who helped him up-stairs?
I, says George Larke—
I'm a lark never hark—
I helped him up-stairs.

"Who shaved off his mane?
I, says Hurl Burt,
'Tho' my feelings it hurt,
I shaved off his mane.

"Who smeared on more stuff?
I, said Jack Voseroo,
With Sam, Bill and Joe,
We smeared on more stuff.

"Who led him by the halter?
I, said Steve Gay,
In a cool, fearless way,
I held fast the halter.

"Who led him into the stall?
I, said Willie McBall,
Did on Hoxey, Coy and Moses call,
And we led him to his stall.

"Who hit him the last lick?
I, said Harry Baxter—
I, with a great big stick,
I hit him the last lick.

"What Senior staid away?
Not one, they all say;
We all joined in the play—
There was none of us away."

After the recital of these few verses, they took so decidedly well, that a motion was made, and unanimously carried, for a "second reading." He did so. Everything was satisfactory.

On the second evening after this, at a late hour, they were printed and posted in various parts of the city, much to the delight of some—much to the chagrin of others. The "returned insult" was highly commendable. The Seniors felt it—the effect was strong; and however ridiculous the imposition was looked upon and regarded, they could not very well overcome it. The blow was so mighty as to have a decided effect, for a short space of time, during which they remained in a state of perfect quiescence.

At a future meeting of the "Philistine Society" this same South Carolinian thought fit to "call out some little sympathy" for them, and therefore begged the indulgence of the meeting while he proceeded to "show up" the said sympathy. Nat felt well on this occasion.

EPITAPH ON THE SENIOR CLASS.

Ye Muses, pour the pitying tear
For Seniors snatched away;
Oh, had they lived another year!
They had not died to-day.

How sad the bulls and goats appear,
And sympathetic sheep;
'E'en pitying swine would drop a tear,
And for their brethren weep!

Be still! I see the mournful throng
Their obsequies forbid;
They still shall live—shall live as long
As ever dead men did.

This move, this publication, was a decided "smasher." The "Philistine Society" reigned triumphant. As for the other societies, their stock (of wit) was at a discount, and totally discountenanced by the brokers, who considered it below par, and not to be put on a parallel with that of the "Philistines." The clique was a powerful one.

LIBER VII.

TOM JOHNSON, the young eccentric clerk, sat beside a huge old pine table with a big chunk of white chalk in his hand, late on one summer's afternoon, as Squire Binks entered the office. The queer-looking young scamp, with hair hanging all over his eyes, dropped the chalk, and with both hands in his jacket pockets, left his seat, and presented himself,

before "old grayhead," as he called the Squire, to give an account of the "matter left in his hands" during Squire Binks's absence. He seemed to be about twelve years old.

"Well, Thomas, you may now give me an account of what's occurred since I went away this forenoon," remarked the old gentleman, after he had seated himself at his desk, and had arranged his papers. He was a dried-up little man, old and ugly in looks.

"Well, your honor," said the boy, still keeping both hands in his little blue jacket pockets, "been chock full of business since you went off—had a good many callers—and guess you'd made as much as five dollars—perhaps ten—if you'd staid here. Old Randall called and took away that ere lease, your honor—"

"And he paid you money, of course?" interposed the Squire.

"No, your honor, for sez he, 'charge it,' and that's what he said, your honor."

"All right, then—go ahead, Thomas."

"Just after he went, in comes that ere tall fellow what's got the wide crape on his beaver, and told me to tell your honor that the will what you made out some four months and a half ago, for an old aunt of his, was incorrect, and wasn't worth—shall I tell your honor what he really said?"

"Certainly, certainly, Thomas, spit it right out."

"Well, he said, your honor, 'It ain't worth a copper,' and then he rushed out of the office."

"The fellow must be crazy, he must," said Squire Binks, quite sanguine.

"That's just my idea, your honor," rejoined the cunning youth, as he stood in a comical attitude.

"But go on, Thomas."

"Yes, your honor. The next fellow what came in was a woman. She wanted to see your honor about 'deeding some property,' and she said that she'd call in again."

"Left her name with you, of course?" interposed Squire Binks.

"Not exactly, your honor, but when I axed it she squints up both eyes, opens her mouth very wide, and squeals out, 'Tell him Swamp Sall called, and he'll know.' Now do you?" asked Tom.

The Squire smiled and said, "Oh yes, all right."

"One of your honor's old flames, I s'pose?"

"That will do, Thomas. You will please proceed on with your regular business," ordered the old gentleman, giving the "youthful genius" a sharp, savage look. "Take a seat and sit down."

"No, I had rather stand, your honor."

"Then take your hands out of your pockets."

Tom obeyed.

"Now put your hair out of your eyes and raise it up off your brow."

"No, your honor, that's no go, for it won't stay put."

"Try it."

He did so.

"Why don't you have your hair cut?"

"Going to, your honor."

"You said so for the last six months. Go to the pail and wet your hair, for it makes me nervous to talk with you."

"No use to do that, your honor, for natur' will have its own way," he then flew at once upon his business. "Judge Graham called to see your honor."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the Squire, who seemed to forget Tom's hair all of a sudden.

"Saucy as a butcher and mad as a bull-dog, your honor."

"No, Thomas."

"Yes, your honor. He said he'd be obliged to foreclose the mortgage, your honor, so as not to lose 'two year ten months interest at five per cent.' and then he went on telling me to tell your honor that a client of his'n was about to sue about six or a half-dozen Yale College students for stealing peaches, apples and the like—and he wanted me to say to your honor that it was old 'Watermelon Joe' who was to be complainant."

"Ah, yes, all right. You have a wonderful memory, Thomas, fine, very fine," said the Squire, patting the chap on the head lightly with flat hand.

"Wal, it comes handy, your honor," said Tom. "But while the Judge was here, your honor," continued Tom, as he stood up before the Squire, scratching his head furiously with

both hands, "in came Colonel Taft, and when he heard the Judge speak about 'Watermelon Joe,' he asked him about the case. The Judge began to laugh, your honor, and then told him that a lot of students hooked a lot of water-melons from him the t'other night; that Joe then went and plugged three of the biggest and put in 'em some kind of an emetic—that the same fellows came again, two nights afterwards, and got to spewing awfully, 'cause how they took to eating them what was medicined-up, your honor."

"Exactly so, Thomas," interposed Squire Binks, smilingly.

"And so got awful sick by it, your honor, but not so sick but what they went there again your honor, in a few nights, but the Judge said that 'Watermelon Joe' overheard 'em, so takes his gun with him, and lays low till all was ready, and then pulls the trigger, but the pesky caps snapped. Then one of the students speaks up and says, 'Boys, how it lightens!' which made the old man laugh, so the fellows run for their lives, one leaving a pocket-handkerchief behind him with his name on it."

"Clear case of conviction, then," interposed the Squire.

"Yes, that student is a goner, sure," replied the boy; "but, your honor, another one left his knife in a piece of watermelon, and his name on it, too."

"No?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And the Judge said that Joe intended to 'bring them up' for it, eh?" inquired Binks.

"Yes, sir, your honor."

"Ah, that's good—that will make business for me," and the Squire rubbed his hands together.

"Let them off, s'pose, if they fork over pretty freely, your honor?"

"How dare you imagine that, Thomas?" he sternly asked.

"Ain't it common, your honor, as how the law has so many loopholes?"

"Ah! I fear you'll bring up on the gallows yet, young boy," and the old man gave one of his "judgment sighs," as Tom called them.

"Come and see me hung, I s'pose?" he instantly asked.

"That will do, Thomas. Let me see," said he, "those students are in a bad fix—very bad fix indeed; but the law must take its course."

"Guess you'd let 'em off for an 'X,' wouldn't you, your honor?" asked Tom Johnson, as he still continued to stand in his old position.

"That will do, Thomas. No more of that talk."

The boy obeyed.

"But who else called?"

"The 'grass widow,' old Mrs. Dewesenberry, your honor."

"What? Oh, confound her! Thomas, she was here yesterday, I believe."

"Been here about every day for the last three weeks, your honor."

"Can it be possible?"

"Yes, your honor; and Mrs. Poll Johnson has been here about every other day for the last three weeks, too."

"Eternally in law, eh, with some of the college devils?"

"It seems so, your honor."

"Well, I'll have 'em arrested as two nuisances, if they don't stop bothering me so."

"Awfully down on your honor this 'ere time," interrupted Tom.

"They were, eh? What's up now in the wind, I wonder?"

"Why, your honor, Mrs. Dewesenberry came in here with a big family Bible under her arm, and after scolding away for a spell, she told me to ask you why it said so often in the Bible, 'Woe be unto you lawyers?' and wanted me to request your honor to bear the 'great truth' in mind."

"Did she, the pesky, intolerant, fanatic hag!" interrupted the Squire, sarcastically.

"Yes, your honor; but what do you guess Tom Johnson told her right on the top of that 'ere remark of hers?"

"Can't imagine."

"Told her, your honor, that your daily business was to study the law, not the Bible."

"Did you, Thomas?"

"And it made her rather worsen and worsen, your honor, but she went right off, muttering to herself."

"And what had Miss Poll Johnson to say for herself, when she called?"

"All was law, law, law, with her, your hon-

or; and finding that you was out again, for the hundredth time, almost, she turned round and told me to ask your honor why you didn't stay in your office more, instead of running about after the women. Hope your honor won't be affronted, 'cause how I told you of it?" and Thomas pretended to look quite frightened, as the Squire showed sudden signs of madness, when the youth revealed the widow's message.

"Go home to your tea, Thomas—go, do you hear?" yelled out the Squire.

"Yes, sir."

"I'll fix the old she-devil! Ah! won't I?" said the old gentleman to himself.

"Yes, sir," spoke up Tom, as he jumped up for his cap, hanging beside a post.

"What's that you say?" he stoutly asked.

"You'll fix her."

"Louder, sir; what did you say?"

"Yes, sir, I'll go to my tea," replied the cunning fellow, as he substituted the last reply for the former one.

He left the office in a smiling state.

LIBER VIII.

We are told in the Holy Writ that "inexhaustible was the widow's pot of oil;" and likewise inexhaustible seemeth "Yale College Scrapes"—and it is wonderful what an itching the great mass of mankind have to *scrape* an acquaintance with the frolics of the learned.

We might dwell for some time upon the sport and pleasure derived by the members of the "Philistine Society" who aspired to be the leading students in deviltry, as well as of their classes—who gloried to pass through many brilliant episodes—such as love-frolics, elopements, debating clubs, mock-murder trials, down to the more domestic tune of:

"Dance all night, till broad daylight,
And be home at *prayers* in the morning."

We might "spin many a long yarn" respecting "College Scrapes" in general, purporting to have happened at Yale College, when in fact they actually occurred elsewhere; yet, as Madam Ruiner is rather a contrary jade, the stories will be told.

The "Philistines" were great boys for rushing among a lot of horses (no matter who might be proprietor), choosing from the many the best for a "short drive" during "meeting hours," as they stood secured about the church. We might tell of the "test of speed"—the narrow escapes which many met with, especially when "turning a short corner;" how they used to change the hind wagon-wheels, and place them on the forward axle; how linch-pins, seats and screws would be found somewhat changed and loosened; how the girth attached to the harness would be strapped so tight as to cause the beast to fall down; how people would swear at the amount of deviltry cut up about "so religious a place," and then, again, wonder how all these things could be performed so slyly!

After the said Society had been formed for some few weeks, a violent animosity arose between its members and those of other secret clubs; and all because the "Philistines" seemed to have a decided advantage over them in every manner, form and way. No wonder, when all the "greatest college imps" were members of said clique.

One dark and cloudy night, three certain members were dispatched after chickens, as the entire body desired "something nice to eat, of the fowl species." They had been appointed by "the two-third rule"—and old Sam Keeler was to do the "dinner fixings" in his good, old-fashioned style.

The committee went abroad to *light* upon their prey. The night was dark and stormy—the risk was great; yet Professor Smith's hen-roost was about to be robbed. Tim, of Ohio (the fifteen-cent chap), was boss of the company, and he felt this trust to a decided advantage.

"Here comes out old Smith by the neck," said Tim, as he handed over a rooster.

Josh, of Maryland, wrung his neck, and then handed him over to Sweeney, of Connecticut, who stowed him away in a long bag.

"Here's old Mrs. Smith," said Tim, as he presented an old hen.

This created a laugh among the coveys.

"And here, in fact, is Miss Smith," presenting a young, snapping pullet.

After Tim had handed over several of the "family," and then stood "betting fifteen cents," a noise was heard resembling footsteps, when they immediately marveled, leav-

ing everything in the shape of "old Smith, old Mrs. Smith, and Miss Smith," behind them. They luckily reached their rooms in safety—but the escape was a narrow one.

On the next day, much to their astonishment, the three students received a very polite invitation to dine with "Professor Smith and family." Of course they cheerfully accepted, and were there in time. The Professor was highly delighted to see them, so were Mrs. Smith and Miss Smith. It was Saturday. An hour's conversation in the parlor passed off very finely, before the hour of dining. The topics of conversation were upon various subjects.

At last, a few light sounds from a small bell brought them to the dinner-table. But the sight! Chickens! Chickens! In short, it seemed very strange to the Professor's guests, as they gazed down a large table where were to be seen some dozen fowls, or more, all of that species. The scene alone proved that the Smith family were *death* on fowl living.

After the venerable, gray-haired Professor had "offered up a kind, affectionate, and lengthy prayer," he rubbed his eyes for a short time, and then rose up out of his chair, and in an easy, jocund way, deliberately asked Tim, as he held the carving knife in hand, whether he preferred:

"A leg of old Smith—a piece of Mrs. Smith—or a wing of Miss Smith?"

The scene at this time was exciting and embarrassing enough. They took the "hint."

"Sold!" exclaimed Tim, as he sprung from his chair.

"Caught!" said Josh, blushing.

"Done for!" added the third chap, with a deep blush.

The boys immediately "owned up," asked for forgiveness, offered to pay a tenfold price for the "damages incurred," shook hands, and then sat down and partook of a hearty dinner, although they felt "chicken-hearted," as they fowly imposed upon the rights of Professor Smith and family.

Yes, Professor Smith was altogether too smart for them; for, as luck would have it, he was watching their "fowl play" on the night in question; and after they took "French leave," he conveyed home the bag and its contents.

This story puts us forcibly in mind of another one. It is not about Professor Smith, but of Professor Jones. Both are, however, "in the family." The scene opens at the "Philistine Society," on one evening when they were holding a meeting.

"Gentlemen," said Steve, of Virginia, who was never satisfied unless mixed up in mischief, "I rise merely to make a motion—one, gentlemen, which I am sure will meet with your hearty approval. But allow me to preface it with a few remarks.

"Gentlemen, we live and breathe at a happy and glorious juncture of time. We live in an age of improvement—at a period when reform meets reform upon all sides continually, and every day still continues to bring something new. Gentlemen, this is a great country, and we are wisely told that God sifted three kingdoms to find seed to plant the United States.

"Gentlemen," continued Steve, who, although but eighteen years of age, was an eloquent young speaker, "to make our country and its institutions more perfect in those departments so essential, so requisite and so important to the American people, our duty should be to study the powerful lesson of Reform. We should go in rapidly for a change, and as long as I have breath, Reform shall be my aim, for there is nothing like Progress.

"Gentlemen, allow me to ask you to look back upon the past—at least those who are tardy in helping the great cause of reform and progress. What a lesson for us! What a mighty field for observation!"

"Wonder what Steve is aiming after, eh?" interposed Tim, with a smile.

"Order, gentlemen," cried the President, but he could hardly refrain from smiling.

"Gentlemen, as cities have arisen in splendor, the arts of civilization have also progressed as far into the wilderness as man has penetrated, while the boon of freedom carefully protects our rights. Around us peace and plenty smiles, while industry, skill and power is more and more evinced upon all sides—"

"Plenty of cigars, but the demijohn is empty!" observed She-cargo as the speaker touched upon peace and plenty.

"Since man has visited the clouds of this diurnal sphere, gentlemen, explored the sublimity of the stars, more dazzling, more brilliant than earthly jewelry—"

"Guess he forgets Miss Holmes's diamond bracelet!" interposed Bouncer.

"Since man, gentlemen, has calculated the magnitude of the planets in their eternal rounds—ranged and surveyed deep into the spacious fields of countless wonders—many a new idea in the progress of the age in which we live has been brought into existence. Sir, Progress is a great word. The regions of space, the circuit of earth, and the canopy of heaven, man has considered; and notwithstanding this, he has traversed the earth's surface in almost every direction—upon the water and upon the land—"

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Jed, of Tennessee.

"Order, gentlemen," cried the President.

"His powers, sir, have been indulged in every source," continued Steve, who seemed to feel perfectly at home, "and wherever we may look, we behold what reform has done. Is it not a glorious look, sir?"

"Oh, gas!" cried forth Roarer, with a laugh.

"Gentlemen; in defending my motion by a few remarks, I have thus far shown the great importance of reform, of progress, of experiment! The country is growing at an enormous rate, and the minds of the people are brought to bear and to act. It is our duty to help, on a small scale, to bring about these reforms. The bark canoe has given way to the plank, bouncing stages for railroad cars—canvas for steam, and lightning a substitute for steam.

"Gentlemen, as you, doubtless, observe the drift of my remarks by this time, my prayer is for Reform—Reform! And, now, Mr. President, I move—"

"That Professor Jones's old covered carriage, which, judging from the fashion and display of taste, was built some little time after Noah's Ark, be removed from its present place to the interior of a certain tract of woods well known to every member of this society, and there left in its 'old age' to meet with a peaceful rest hereafter."

The speech and motion caused a deal of laughter, as they could not imagine, when he commenced his speech, where the fellow intended to bring out. Before Steve had fairly taken his seat, the motion was seconded and carried unanimously.

"When shall it be done, gentlemen?" gravely asked the President of the "Philistines."

"I move, Mr. Pres-Pres-President, that that very fine job be put-put-put through on-on-on—"

"Oh, sit down, Joggles; you are too drunk to talk," spoke forth Dan, with a smile.

This created a smile all round.

"I move, Mr. Pres-Pres-President, that I have an important part to act in that-that-that scrape," muttered out Joggles, again.

"Oh, be seated, Jog," plead Steve.

"No, sir; I don't do-do-do no such a thing, as I won't be overruled," replied Joggles, "I'm purely independent."

The scene was laughable enough.

"Will the gentleman hailing from the respectable State of Louisiana, please be seated?" asked the President, in a very polite manner.

"Providing the honorable mem-mem-mem-mem hailing from the virtuous State of Virginia will agree to stand *treat* for liquor and se-se-se-segars, down to old Keeler's!" replied Joggles, with a half-sleeping smile.

Of course, to get him down, Steve agreed to do so.

During the next evening, plans were laid to carry into effect the proposed scheme. At a certain hour of the night, some four of the students rushed forth with the Professor's old family carriage. They put out of town, struck upon the main turnpike road, and then on for a distance of some two miles or more. Joggles was one of the four, but on this occasion, he happened to be pretty sober. Steve was the ringleader.

"What do you think 'old gray-head' would say if he knew all?" asked Dan.

"Oh, he would be awful mad," was the reply.

"But isn't it right, now, aside from joking, that he should have a new carriage?" soberly inquired Steve, as they slowly walked along.

"Certainly it is. We must stow it far away in the woods."

"We'll fix all right," added Steve.

On they went, up hill and down, with the old covered carriage.

"S'pose you'll treat to brandy-punches when we get back, eh?" asked Joggles, of Steve.

"Yes," said he.

"Good, old boy," said Jog.

After dragging the said vehicle from the pike into a huge tract of woods, through ditches and over mountains, stones and stumps, they left the "ark" beside a small stream of water.

"There, by Jove!" declared Steve, "I guess that will do."

"Oh, my, how I sweat," said Dan, as he puffed and blowed away.

"Oh, Lord! how my legs do ache," added Steve.

"I'm confounded dry," growled Joggles, with a real liquor cough.

"Hadn't we better tip the old thing into the pond, eh?" asked the fourth one.

"No, no, gentlemen, for that would show a malicious design, and would be carrying the joke a little too far," remonstrated the ringleader, as he sat resting upon a rock.

"Yes, that would be going too far, for take things altogether, the old Professor is a pretty nice kind of a man," rejoined Dan.

The request was adhered to.

"Knocked both of my boot-heels off, gentlemen," observed Joggles, with a laugh.

"No?" said Dan.

"Then look for yourself, if you can see in the dark," and he threw himself down upon his back, and raised his long legs into the air.

Sure enough, Joggles was right.

"Bad business, that," observed Dan.

"Never mind—mother is rich." This came out dry enough.

After they had rested, and were about to "make tracks" for home, an unknown voice bellowed forth in a very stout tone:

"Boys, we will now take the carriage back again."

"Good Lord!" cried out Steve.

"What! A ghost?" asked another.

"Blow me, if it ain't old Professor Jones," whispered Joggles.

True enough, he had placed himself inside of the old covered carriage in the night, knowing of their movements; and there he had remained secreted, behind the big front seat, without any of the clique knowing it.

Thus he met them, face to face; and there he remained, until they had drawn his property back to the place where they first obtained it. Take it all round, it was a *feeling* voyage; and Steve, after this *debut*, was not quite so *anxious* to spout about "*Reform*." The retort was too severe.

It was not long after this, before Professor Jones's same old family carriage had to be "put through" another night scene. The story is a true one. It seems that some of the Juniors, who had as much deviltry about them as any of the members belonging to any of the several secret societies, took it into their heads to take the said "family ark" all apart, and thence place it in the Lecture Room. They did so. Among their number, was one "hard boy," who was up to all manner of mischief-making.

After the gang had placed some boards upon the tops of the seats, they arranged the old family carriage upon them. This was done about two o'clock in the morning. The clique consisted of four persons, students belonging to the different societies, who went about together as *chums*.

"Got all the wheels on?" asked Carl, a young student, hailing from Delaware.

"All right, Carl," replied one of his friends in a low voice.

"And everything all right?" still asked the ringleader.

"Yes, exactly as we found it when we took it out of the Professor's yard," was the reply of "Jim of the Latin school."

"Then if things are all O. K.," said Carl, "we will go. Hance, bring on the lantern with you, and when we reach the head of the stairs close the lid; do you hear?"

"All understood—go ahead, and mind how you make a noise."

As they were about to reach the main stairs, Carl, all of a sudden stopped, and placed both hands in his pockets.

"What have you lost?" whispered Bill.

"Hance, did you give me back my knife?" asked Carl.

"Why, I laid it down by you when you was about to put the body of the carriage on the platform," was the reply given.

"Jove! then it lies on the boards, and I must go back after it, or else I shall be detected, for my name is engraved upon it. Hance, you and Bill go on to bed—and, Jim, you go back with me."

"Agreed, Carl."

Back went the two after the missing treasure. On finding it, they stopped, and viewed "the sights" before them with much pleasure and satisfaction, gaining light by the aid of a "dark lantern."

"What devils we College chaps are, eh?" remarked "Jim, of the Latin School."

"Well, we are," rejoined Carl. "Won't they all laugh in the morning eh?" giving Jim a slight punch in the ribs.

"Guess so; hope we won't get found out."

"No danger," replied Carl, "for we are all hunki-dory."

"Hark! hark! Will you?" said Jim, all of a sudden.

"Well?"

"I hear footsteps."

"No—all imagination."

"But, there!—now you hear them, don't you?"

"Now I do," replied Carl, as he stood quiet and listened. "It must be the boys coming back."

"Very likely."

Presently they grew nearer, yet thinking it their own friends, and no one else at that time of night, they refrained from shutting off the light of the lantern. Soon open went a door, and who should stand before them but Professor Jones himself, with a lantern in his hand. The boys trembled.

"Very fine—very fine, indeed, young gentlemen!" roared out the old fellow, as he raised his big hickory cane before them. "I think my carriage has to pass through many hard sieges from time to time. So, so—you've placed it in a very conspicuous place here, it seems. Well, I'll go and—"

Before he proceeded any further, Carl, who was as cunning a lad as any at Yale, walked up before him, cap in hand, and very politely asked if permission would be granted him "to explain everything?"

"Do it, sir, instantly!" roared out the Professor, in a blustering tone.

Carl was ready so to do, yet Carl was not to be frightened.

"Professor, knowing your great regard for the Planetary World—the planet Mars in particular—which you have given several highly interesting lectures upon of late, we came to the conclusion to present to you as a token of esteem and friendship—the chariot of Mars! Sir, behold it!" and Carl, with much dignity and earnestness, turned and pointed to the "old family carriage."

The wag was too much for Professor Jones; so he forgot himself, and laughed freely at the reply so *keenly* made. He placed his old tin lantern upon the platform, then extending his arms, he mildly said:

"Boys, give me your hands."

They immediately obeyed.

"Boys, we will forget this. Go and summon all who assisted you—get the carriage back—pack up the plank and boards—don't make too much noise—go then to your rooms, retire, and let this scene be entirely forgotten."

The Professor then left. Carl's wit had conquered him, and the idea of getting "expelled" vanished.

But we have one more story to relate ere we close this *liber*. The "Philistines" held a special meeting one cold winter's night, to take into consideration the absolute necessity of removing a few of the merchants' signs—those which on a windy night moved, or in other words, swung back and forth on iron rods, making a very disagreeable creaking noise, and all for the want of *ileing*. As there were several of this kind, some of the members addressed anonymous notes to the merchants, demanding that they should stop the *squeaking*, or else the said signs would be "taken into custody." No attention was paid to the notices which had been sent, and the *squeaking* still continued.

At the next special meeting, the subject was brought up for discussion, and great was the time. After a deal of "gassing and blowing," by such members as Steve, Tim, Joggles, Roarer, Jed, She-cargo, Bloody, Ogleish, Nat, Josh, and Sweeney, the roaring *Bouncer*, of the State of New Jersey, brought the subject to a resolution.

"That the signs belonging to the said persons, whose names have already been mentioned, be 'arrested,' and brought to this place, and 'held in confinement till further notice.'"

This being the decision, it was needless to say that it was quickly put in force, and promptly carried through. Yes, on the very next morning after the above decision was made, eight merchants missed their signs. A great hubbub followed, yet no one knew the facts, among the "outsiders." Search was made. At last, up came the victimized merchants, with lawyers, friends, and even with the trustees of the College. Several of the students feared that they had been betrayed.

"Where were those signs put, can you tell me?" asked one of the "Philistines" of another person.

"In the room of the Massachusetts member," was the answer.

"And where is Dan, or Steve, or any of the leaders?"

"There, also, or at least, were a few minutes ago."

Off he went like shot off a shovel.

"The very devil is to pay, gentlemen," he instantly said, as he gained admission.

"All understood long ago—and we are a little ahead of your time," said Ogleish, in a very cool way.

"But where are the signs?"

"Oh, don't be frightened; they are safely packed away in bed there," said he, pointing that way.

"But they search beds and all?"

"We know it; but we will probably be too smart for them."

"I'll bet fifteen cents we are," interposed Tim.

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if we were," added Joggles, who didn't seem to fear them.

"But they will surely detect us," still continued Caution.

"Are you sure of it?" asked Steve.

"But you dare not throw them out of the window?"

"That is so."

"You dare not remove them to another part of the College?"

"That is so."

"And you have no time to destroy them?"

"Even that is so," replied Steve.

"And yet you have them in this very room, and even in that very bed, you say?"

"We have."

"Then, how do you intend to evade suspicion, or deter investigation?"

"You are not frightened—it can't be possible; for Pennsylvanians are generally pretty brave fellows," remarked Steve, coolly.

"Far from that, my dear Steve; but what I wish and desire to do is to get the best of the Faculty and the victims, who are now searching the rooms on the floor below us and will soon be up here."

At this time a rap was heard at the door, and as the usual private sign was immediately given, the door opened, and in came Blower, of New York.

"Shoot me! if this ain't a pretty how-do-you-do. But let us fight the whole batch of 'em, before they shall be allowed to come into this room!" said the blustering fellow, who did not generally make it a practice to have anything to say in the Society, unless there was a sign of a muss or fight.

Caution, of Pennsylvania, to save his life, could not see into the proposed scheme, yet the party, aside from him, seemed to feel all assurance in their own mind that they were safe.

"One thing is in our favor," encouraged Dan; "when they come up they will go round the other way, and pass down upon the other side, instead of returning this way again, eh?"

"Very likely."

"As we come first, after they reach this floor, listen closely, all of you," was Dan's request.

In two minutes' time footsteps were heard ascending the stairs.

"Be ready, Joggles, and don't fail to speak up loud, stout and solemn," whispered Dan.

"Let all of us be still as death now," said Steve.

Joggles immediately placed himself before the door—his face toward it. All were silent. The instant he heard the members of the "exploring expedition" advancing toward the door to open and inspect the room, the never-to-be-taken-down Joggles roared out in a solemn and impressive tone:

"Oh, Lord! an evil and adulterous generation seeketh after signs, but there shall no signs be found!"

The result was a triumphant one. As they rapped at the door, and while waiting for an answer, the Faculty overheard the occupants (as they thought) engaged in deep prayer; and as one of the rules was, to "pass any room wherein the occupant was praying," they therefore did so. Joggles continued on "gassing" and repeating Scriptural phrases, until their footsteps were heard no more.

The instant Joggles turned from the door, Dan, who stood near the window, with a large white handkerchief partly poked into his big mouth to keep from "snorting out,"—to use his own expression—so as not to disturb the solemnity of the occasion, threw himself into a singular, laughable attitude, and with a long face exclaimed:

"Well done, good and faithful servant—embrace me, Joggles!"

Caution, of Pennsylvania, was thunderstruck. He looked surprised, and it was with much difficulty that he could actually believe what had transpired in his presence. Then with a half-hidden smile he lifted his hands and exclaimed, *a la Slek*:

"Boys, you are a regular set of heathens, and nothing else."

"Didn't I do the thing up brown, eh?" asked Joggles, after "all was safe."

"Bunkum, Jog," replied Steve, patting him on the shoulder.

"Now we must go and drink on the strength of this," said Jcg.

"Let's meet at Uncle Sam Keeler's this evening, and there have a regular drunk," said Blower, of New York.

"Agreed! Give us your hand, old boy," replied Joggles.

They were a well-matched span.

But to the end. After the Faculty had done their best to investigate the affair, they were none the wiser—while the poor merchants, whose signs were minus, were compelled to give up the search, return home, and order new ones, much to the comfort of the members of the "Philistine Society," as said signs did not squeak or need ileing.

It was not long after this "eventful time," before the renowned Joggles made his *debut* in a powerful speech before the "Philistine Society." Unexpectedly, the gentleman had only imbibed slightly, and was therefore sober on this occasion. Every member well knew his great abilities, but all were completely surprised, as he had always evinced rather a torpid spirit on all former occasions.

"Mr. President," said he, in a grave tone, "inasmuch as I have failed to obtain the floor on several former occasions, when the attempt was made, I now take the liberty of returning my sincere thanks to all of you for the opportunity now presented to me. And rest assured, gentlemen, that the representative of the glorious State of Louisiana does it *soberly*!"

"Gentlemen, in making certain kinds of motions, legislators have always found it requisite, from the days of Demosthenes up to the oratorical scenes of Webster, to allow plain demonstrations to follow, or, in other words, to present agreeable illustrations, in such a manner as to convey to the ear of the observer the real purport of said motion in question; and, gentlemen, I shall follow the same rule, although all of you, even to a man, are ignorant of the motion about to be made—and backed by him who now has the pleasure of addressing you, in what, perhaps, you may see fit to call 'sober moments.'

"Gentlemen, Napoleon was a great man. All admit it—all know it. But the victor of a hundred battles, gentlemen, made many a mistake during his lifetime. The same can be said of Hannibal, who, once upon a time, vainly thought that the gates of Rome would open to him. In fact, Mr. President, all mankind are liable to mistakes—yea, our life is a life of mistakes, and every family is a history in itself, while every age has its own sorrows.

"But what I wish to speak of, gentlemen, concerns certain mistakes of all great men like Napoleon and Franklin, who openly declared that 'six hours of sleep were enough for any man!' Can it be possible that they meant it—Napoleon in particular, at a time even when he gazed for many a long day at the cloud-capped peaks of the Alps? Gentlemen, it may be true, but I take it upon myself to say that

the agreeable realms of Morpheus are to me dear and lovely; in plain terms, that sleep is essential to the human family. I don't mean, gentlemen," continued Joggles, smilingly, "that 'long, long sleep,' but rather a little more than 'six hours of sleep!' But of late we have not had fairly that limited quantity, as our meetings have been held at a late hour; and now, the idea of following Napoleon's notions, especially when the mornings are as cold as Russia, Greenland, Iceland, or even the regions of the Alps itself, is presumptuous—"

"Wonder what Jog. is coming at?" said Steve, with a smile.

"Go it, old boss!" cried out She-cargo.

"Order, gentlemen," said the President.

"Haul up those long legs, Joggles, and stand straight," exclaimed Josh.

"Lick 'em, Jog—you're able," yelled out Blower, of New York.

"Order, I say, gentlemen," and the President rose from his chair.

"Mr. President, of late, the Faculty have taken it upon themselves to order us up at an uncommon early hour, during these cold, snowy mornings; and now, sir, as there are certain signs of an 'uncommon ugly, sour morning,' the snow being already eighteen inches deep, on a level, I make the following motion:"

"Hear hear—read, read—listen," and all similar kinds of ejaculations, followed.

"That the tongue of the College bell be stolen on this very night, so that we may, once more, gain our natural sleep, due us—and perhaps a few hours over!"

This motion created an agreeable laughter throughout the entire circle.

"Good on your head, old fellow! I second that motion," yelled out Steve.

"Capital idea, that," added another.

"Roast me, if Napoleon wasn't wrong anyhow," blustered forth the New York member of the Society.

"Where the d—l Joggles was trying to get to, when he opened on Napoleon and his, 'six hours of sleep,' I couldn't see, to save my life," observed Ogleish, with a laugh.

The motion was unanimously carried.

"Then you desire to have an important part in this *tonguey* scrape, you say?" asked the President.

"I do sir," was Joggles's reply.

This created a laugh.

"And to be acted forthwith?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joggles. "I went today, and examined the bell," he continued, "and found that the task would be very easy. In displaying, on this occasion, this monkey-wrench and chisel, together with the dark lantern," said he, holding up to view the articles, "you may consider me quite sanguine about this matter; and, gentlemen, I am."

"You'll pass," said Dan.

"Yes, sir—e! Joggles will pass, for he is a hound, and no mistake," rejoined She-cargo, of Michigan.

"I'll bet fifteen cents that he ain't nothing else," muttered out Tim, of Ohio, who felt a little "tight."

"If the Society sees fit to allow me to have Dan's company, I will go forthwith, and agree (if I don't break my neck in making the ascent), to return here in one hour from now with the tongue of the bell in my possession."

"That's rather a *tonguey* assertion, Joggles," observed the President, with a mischievous glance.

"But I'll do it, sir," replied Joggles, with a nod of his head.

"I'll bet fifteen cents you will, too," said Tim; his remark, so common, causing a laugh.

The motion was agreed upon. Off went Joggles and Dan, the former with wrench and chisel in coat pocket, the latter with lantern in hand and matches in his hat. Both were in their glee. It was an awful cold, snowy night.

They slipped slyly by the main entrance of the College, and thence marked their way to the belfry-stairs. Both ascended and easily reached the bell. The job was a cold one.

"Slide off the lantern lid by degrees, Dan," said Joggles.

"Awful windy and cold up here, isn't it?"

"Never mind, Dan, we'll take a stout horn of this '1818 brandy' out of my flask, before

we go at it," and Jog. showed his companion the art of "imbibing long swallows."

"Good gracious! Do you always go so well armed?"

"Yes, even when I go to church, Sundays," replied Jog.

"You're a ticket, Joggles."

"Never mind about 'tickets' just now, Dan. Let's turn the old bell bottom side upwards."

"All right—go ahead."

"Rather a cold bell, eh?"

"A little frostbitten, Joggles."

"Hold snugly onto the tongue, old fellow, as we turn it up, and look out that she don't strike."

"All right—turn her up slow and sure."

After they had performed that part of the job, Joggles wrapped his cap, and then his pocket handkerchief, about the tongue of the bell, while Dan held the lantern down inside of it. Then Joggles went to work with instruments in hand. Soon he had parted the tongue from the bell, and as his hands were numbed with cold, he accidentally let the tongue strike against the side of the bell. This was a bad hit.

"Hallo! that's a bad *strike*: but never mind, all safe, I guess," said Jog.

The wind was blowing a lively gale, and it was snowing very fast. Unfortunately, the Janitor heard it, and so did the members of the "Philistine Society," although they were quite a good distance from the College. They immediately laughed and applauded—and in Joggles's favor; it was a "decided hit," for they immediately spoke in warm praise of his boldness and assurance.

In about three minutes after the alarm, Joggles happened to look down through the scuttleway, and whom should he see but the Janitor, with a large lantern in his hand.

"Turn off the light of the lantern—quick!" whispered Jog.

Dan obeyed.

"Now, then, slip over the back corner as quick as sight."

Dan obeyed accordingly.

By this time Joggles, who had his wits about him, had reached the after part of the gangway-door. Soon the Janitor puts up his hand, feeling for a timber to place the lantern upon; when, the second he poked his head up, Joggles let him have it right in the back with the tongue of the bell.

"Bloody murder!" cried out the frightened Janitor, as he grabbed hold of the lantern, and made tracks for the ground.

"Follow on quickly, Dan; mind how you step, and all will be right," suddenly whispered Joggles, as he rushed after him.

By the time the Janitor had reached the ground, the boys were not far behind him. Passing out of an opposite door, they made tracks for the Society. As Joggles rushed into the room, he yelled out:

"Here's the tongue, Mr. President!" and he laid it upon his desk.

A rich scene followed, especially in the brandy and cigar line.

When morning came, each member slept soundly and sweetly. Eight o'clock came and passed. At nine no bell had done the "morning warning."

"What does all this mean?" inquired some member of the Faculty as they questioned the frightened Janitor.

"Couldn't ring the bell, sir—wouldn't strike," was the reply.

"But you have not inspected the bell to find out the cause?"

"Dare not go up there!"

"What?"

"Heard the bell strike in the night, sir."

"What?"

"The very devil was up there, sir."

"How dare you make such an unwise assertion?" asked the Professor.

"Because I took the lantern and went up there."

"Exactly so; but go on," interposed the Professor; "and did you see him?"

"No, sir; but he struck me in the small of the back with one of his horns!" said the frightened Janitor.

When this excuse leaked out, the poor Janitor had to take it from all sources. It pleased the "Philistines" when they heard of the "devil's horns." Suffice it to say, the tongue was soon replaced. The drowsy students were again roused from their sweet slumbers by the loud tongue of the bell.

LIBER IX.

It was very amusing to observe how the students longed for certain days to come, when the "Important Items of the Week" were due. Predictions went forth—discussions occurred, and even betting followed, concerning the next document of the above nature. And it is true that the inhabitants in general anxiously looked for the mysterious papers, as the first seven weekly numbers had made an exciting impression.

There was a deep and bitter hate against these "Items" among the Juniors and Freshmen—more so than between the Seniors and Sophomores, as the two former class were represented in *propria persona* in so many ridiculous and recognizable characters and positions, as to excite jealousy among the "outsiders," who looked for the "weekly postbills" with as much anxiety as the Collegians themselves.

We have already given extracts from the "Items" which appeared from time to time, both for the purpose of exemplifying the latest talent contained in the "Philistine Society," and the power that may be exercised, and the interest created, from a series of hits in one direction, coming from an unknown quarter.

When the following "lines" appeared, they created quite a *furor* among the "classics." The "knowing ones" were well aware who would take them home. But read them:

LINES.

Respectfully dedicated to Dullane.

Meridianis partibus,
Adventavit asinus;
Deformis et tardissimus,
Juniore aptissimus.

Ecce magnis auribus!
Ungulis ingentibus!
Asinus egregius!
Asinorum dominus!

Stultitia vincit omnes,
Socios et fratres;
Stupescit semper patres,
Præstitit longe matres.

Age, rude, asine!
Satur ebrietate
Rude, dico, rude!
Excellentias exhibe!

Right after this, the following remarks were made:—

"As the Faculty demanded of every Junior an Essay, to be written and handed in at a certain time, we learn that the entire class have labored hard in preparing their compositions—seven students in particular. The young man who is becoming 'bald-headed' at the early and interesting age of nineteen, has discovered the reason why, of late, the said baldness has increased so rapidly—because he was at a loss for classic ideas, while preparing his essay, and so he very frequently (and it is natural) scratched his head, striving to obtain them, or at least to 'wake 'em up' by so doing.

"Now to show how far this Junior succeeded, we take the unwarrantable liberty of presenting our 'standing readers' with an extract from his masterly composition. It is expected that the Faculty will be taken by surprise. How we received this is nobody's business, and we hope nobody will ask the question—save this Junior, the author of the said extract. It is evident that a deal of 'scratching' was essential, when we whisper the name of the subject into which he throws his soul. Read it slowly, for instruction:—

"The Hippopotamus is an aquatic, non-ruminating quadrupedal, pachydermatous mammal, whose appellation is derived from *hippus* horse, and *potamos*, river; the primary and grammatical signification of which is a horse-river. His occiput is of a cubical form; his organs of vision are exceedingly diminutive in magnitude; the only capillary substance which vegetates on his corporeal system are a few filaments issuing from the utmost extremity of his abbreviated caudal appendage; and, not to mention the innumerable other peculiarities of his physical nature, his organ of odoriferousness is totally destitute of the horny protuberance which characterizes his bosom friend and constant companion, the Rhinoceros. This pachydermatous mammal being, as I expressed in a more elevated position, (*i. e.* above), an amphibious creature, enjoys the most excellent felicitousness, whilst submerged beneath that liquid fluid which circumambulates the surface

of the terraqueous oblate spheroid which is the abode of Adam's posterity."

This occasioned a deal of talk and merriment among the students at large, and in less than twelve hours after its appearance, two-thirds of the Collegians were striving to repeat it. It was reported that several of the Professors laughed heartily over its construction—Brown in particular, who took the liberty of reading it to his wife ("dear Mrs. Brown") no less than three times before breakfast. "Old Sam Keeler" undertook to read it, but backed out, fearing that he would "choke to death" if he undertook to complete the critical task. Ogleish commenced then, but "Uncle Sam" advised him "to take a long breath" before he started.

The Junior Class became quite rebellious—at least certain members. This "Essay," attributed to them, or at least one of their Class, was a "killer" to the entire clique. In other words, it was a sure feeler. The victim received the appellation of "Scratcher," and ever after that euphonious title was given him. Some declared that in writing his essay, it nearly upset his equilibrium long before he had completed it. He strove to gain a membership of the "Philistine Society," but it was "no go," as it was impossible to find out any one to introduce him, or give him any information about the secret order above named.

Before the excitement and indignation had finally died away, one of the Professors, who had "blown" a little too much respecting the "Philistines," received a severe "blow" from some one! As he was subject to the "nightmare," the reader will observe how his mind wandered abroad while under the influence of Morpheus. The following "dream" caused much laughter and ridicule among the social circles in which the gentleman moved as a magnet:

"For the edification of 'all hands, and the cook,' we give below the last 'exploring expedition' of Professor —'s wavering cranium. It has been hastily put together, yet it is readable.

"Professor — will find it to his great advantage, hereafter, to mind his own affairs, and not meddle with those concerning the 'Philistine Society.' Should he see fit to undertake to 'find out everything,' as he has already declared, we say to him, 'Go on, and see how far your discoveries will extend.' We think that you will have to try for some time. But now for—

PROFESSOR —'S DREAM.

I.

In slumbers at midnight Professor — lay,
His bedstead creaked loud at each turn that he made;
But worn out with *trying*, his cares flew away,
And he turned to Virginia, where *once* he had played.

II.

He dreamt of his wife, and his dear children, three,
The loved ones that waited his happy return;
Through the wide open doors he looks, brimful of glee,
And beholds the dear cause of his care and concern.

III.

O'er Zachariah he bends with looks of delight.
Nebuchadnezzar is wet with his father's warm tear;
And the lips of our hero in a sweet kiss unite,
With those of young Abraham, whom his bosom holds dear.

IV.

What sound now calls back his wild, truant thoughts,
And opens full wide his wondering eye?
In the entry just near, on the loud-sounding floor—
'Tis the unsteady step of some late passer-by.

V.

He springs from his bedstead! he flies to the door!
Expecting to find his dear wife—*Alice*;
But turns back sorrowful and sad once more,
To the mournful reality—he's standing on *ice*!

"As a certain Freshman has taken it upon him to 'lay himself out,' on several occasions—especially in 'love matters' (while he is but a *boy*!)—we think that a slight dose of satire will help him. Perhaps, after he has read this, or some of his friends have read it for him, he will take—it upon himself to denounce the 'Philistines' no more—in fact, to be a man, and not a fool, as he has played the *boy* long enough. These few lines are quite interesting:

A *boy*, well known to college prate,
As being *hindmost* of a *Freshman* class;
Endowed with such a mind by cruel fate,
As to obtain the epithet—an *ass*!

Oh! ye celestial Muses! can you tell
What strange fear unarmed the lad?
Surely some *demon* round him threw a spell,
For Forman's witch they say did run him mad.

Now, oh! *Diana*! forth from Olympus run,
Arrayed in all thy queen-like splendor;
Hold in thy sweet embrace this foolish one,
And drive 'way fear by love so tender.

Quoth he: "By some sweet lady's side,
Having led her forth to tread a measure,
I've waltzed—I've danced till eventide,
Excelling all in *graceful* pleasure."

Lunatics, I've heard them say,
Are oft possessed with some queer notions,
But never till this luckless day,
Have I heard *man* boast of *clumsy* motions.

A boxer, too, of skill divine,
He wears a dagger by his side,
And everything of cowardly sign
He possesses—nor attempts to hide.

LIBER X.

As the renowned and independent Joggles had taken it upon himself, at divers times and on divers occasions, to display publicly some of the beauties of "getting tight," several of the leading and influential members of the "Philistine Society" had come to a conclusion to expel him from the said circle, for the simple reason that they considered him no ornament to the Society. His past actions were the sole reasons for such a move.

At a full meeting of the "Philistines," Ogleish, in a very grave manner, obtained the floor, and at once, in the same grave tone, opened his battery upon the unfortunate young man.

"Mr. President," said he, "before adjourning, allow me to say that it becomes my duty, delicate as it may be considered, to cast some reflections upon the general character of one of the members of the 'Philistine Society.' But I regret, sir, that such is my duty; yet, nevertheless, the defendant has one great satisfaction to give in return—a personal explanation."

"Who does the gentleman refer to?" interrupted She-cargo, with much earnestness.

Ogleish still stood erect, but he made no reply.

"Yes, that's the question," added Bouncer, of New York, who in turn acted as though he was the victim.

"Give us the charges, sir," cried out Johnson, of Delaware.

"Order, gentlemen," shouted the President.

"Who are these charges alleged against?" still demanded the Delawarian.

"Mr. President, have I the floor?" asked Ogleish, in a serious way.

"You have sir; please to proceed," was the response.

"Sir, it is with a feeling of great hesitation that I pronounce the conduct and actions of Joggles, who seems to have fallen into the channels of intemperance, as disgraceful to our Society; and I regret that I am the chosen one, whose duty it is to ask, in plain terms, that the said member be expelled."

As Ogleish took his seat, some eight or more members sprung up and demanded to be heard. Steve, of Virginia, happened to gain the floor first. He said:

"Mr. President, in seconding the motion, the defendant is well aware that I do it out of no ill-feeling toward him, but hoping that it may benefit him in the end, and more especially, our Society.

"My friend, Joggles, is well aware why I second the motion. Our last conversation upon the subject now under consideration, assures me that the gentleman understands the purport of the move. Although we are wisely told that each one has his fate already decided by nature when he is born, I do not believe that his mother ever gave him birth to become a devoted follower of Bacchus—in the end, a fallen victim to the intoxicating cup. No—far from it; yet the whimsicality of the human heart, oftentimes, causes me to say—'appearances are against him—that everybody loves my friend—that he is known to be a brilliant scholar, and a right up-and-down A No. 1 kind of a fellow, is a living fact;' yet the members of this Society—throwing overboard the Faculty and the public in general—know full well the dangers which surround him, and of an early grave that awaits him, should he still cling to the charming, yet fatal embraces of the god Bacchus. But I am glad that Joggles is here to speak for himself."

"And I'll bet fifteen cents he'll answer the charges," spitefully interrupted Jim, as Steve took his seat.

"Steve, you never drink, do you?" sarcastically inquired She-cargo.

"Not to excess," was the laconic reply.

At this time, Joggles had gained the floor, having remained quiet through the remarks. Undoubtedly, he had expected the *blow*, and was ready to receive it. As he stood up before the Society, with about "three light horns" of brandy on board (it took a dozen to get him "fashionably tight"), all smiled. He looked calm and sincere, but it was evident that "long legs" had a "charge to discharge," *a la* Webster order. He spoke loud and stout, but very slow and deliberate:

"Sir, these are serious charges. Psyche blushed when the god advanced with a lamp to examine her beautiful person; but I was led to blush more deeply at something not of so beautiful and touching an order, but rather at the shamefacedness of a person, even when proudly attired in the habiliments of fashion's behest. Thank God, that although the human heart is one instrument, every heart has not the same chords!

Mr. President, certain charges must be met. I rise to rebut them. Sir, they have been anticipated, and I now consider it a duty to answer them. Let it be understood, however, that I can talk without any impediment of speech, and am therefore far from being 'tight.' Reflecting back to a certain period of time, Mr. President, I imagine myself among the cane-fields of the South, or, in other words, at home. And although we are called a 'wicked set,' by narrow-contracted persons who live in the North, allow me to say, in defending my own character, that when I left the parental hearth, to come here to this celebrated institution, I came, sir, as it were, fresh from my mother's arms—fresh from the scenes of choice teachings—fresh from the paths of virtue and peace. Sir, I was indeed a model of virtue—a branch of a family tree—a proud scion. And when I say so, let me tell you, young as I am, that tenderness, ingenuousness and obedience, make those virtues. And even the very gentlemen who have made these charges against me, know the truth of my remarks too well, to dare deny the assertion. Even, sir, remarks have fallen from their own lips, expressive of those virtues.

"But glance over a short space of time," continued Joggles, in an eloquent and happy mood, "and what a change comes over me. Faults and agonies of the human heart arise—unlimited scenes, amid the general intercourse of all kinds of society, into which I was thrown, overpowered me; friends, and the public, upon both sides, took command of my very heart, and therefore the branch of the family tree was torn from the trunk, to be swept by the tempest of life into the whirlpool of passion. But, Mr. President, everything has its origin—therefore, whence arose all this? Here, sir, is the question.

"Will you believe it? but you must, for it is true—that after these gentlemen, who have brought their charges against me, became fully convinced that I did not indulge in the filthy weed—that I did not make use of profane language—that I did not sip from the wine-bowl—in short, that I was honest and sincere in what I said—were the very persons who snatched these gems from my good name, who first caused me to err from the side of mercy, as it were, and to become introduced to the evil qualities already enumerated. Said the saintish Ogleish to me, a few days after my arrival here, 'If you intend to be one of us, you must come in and drink,' and I did come in, and have been going in at a big lick ever since," said Joggles, as the crowd listened and smiled at his remarks. "'Oh, pour out, there ain't half a horn of brandy,' said he, when I first began to reel over the old decanter at Sam Keeler's; and then it was, 'Come, smoke—be somebody.' From that, I rushed by degrees into other vices, until everything got the upper hand of me—until I am now considered a 'good drinker—powerful smoker—constant chewer;' in fact, a 'high boy, and just the fellow to travel with.'

"Thus, Mr. President, I have given you a condensed history of myself, since I landed where I never desired to. I do not blush before the public, because it is ideal, but I do before a friend, because he is human—for the reason that a friend is our confidant, and the

public is a fiction; one has a name, the other is anonymous; one is before us, the other is invisible; in short, a friend is some one, but the public is no one—for a friend has a face—the public has not. And it is for this reason I blush before my friends, not that I care a tooth-pick for the public at large, but knowing them, I cannot desist from feeling somewhat abashed.

"And now, if it is the wish of this Society, I will withdraw my name from it, rather than be expelled. As it is, the honors are small. That I have gone too far on many occasions—especially on the morning of my pilgrimage within the College yard with a balky horse—I know to be a fact; but liquor did it all, for it is well known that when I am somewhat devoted, Joggles is not himself—Joggles is altogether another person. But, without further remarks, I humbly submit the case into your hands."

Joggles took his seat amid cheers.

"Mr. President," yelled out Roarer, of Kentucky, "it is not very often that I undertake to address this Society, but after listening to so sensible a speech, full of beauties and overflowing with truths, I cannot refrain from saying that my friend Joggles is an injured man—"

"Blazes, and he can't go out of this Society, nohow," interrupted Bouncer, of New York.

"I'll bet fifteen cents he can't," added Tim.

"Order—order, gentlemen," cried the President.

"Take a vote, and that will decide it," said some one else.

After a deal of discussion a vote was taken whether the member should be allowed to withdraw, and not be expelled.

No one voted for it save Ogleish and Steve. Then followed an exciting time; when, endeavoring to plaster over the matter, Ogleish said that he would withdraw the motion.

"Smart young man, to wait until it was seconded," discussed upon, and then voted down—very," snarled Derby.

To be short, Joggles felt so finely over his popularity that he got "awful tight" after the meeting adjourned, and had to be put to bed. The enthusiasm was too much for him—saying nothing about cards and wine, down in Keeler's "big back room." Even after Dan got him to bed, he still repeated an old phrase of his—

"Dan, me—me—old—old friend, what's trumps, eh?"

LIBER XI.

"Did you ever hear about the pigs what got into Professor Brown's garden?" asked "old Sam Keeler," as some dozen students sat in his "back-room" one cold November evening. "Well, then, I must tell ye all about that 'ere time. It seems that the old man saw a lot of pigs in his garden on one Saturday afternoon, so he says to a lot of students who happened to be sitting about, hard by, 'Gentlemen, I wish you would catch those pigs—I will put them into the city pound, and as you are all younger than myself, do try your luck, if you please.'

"Wal, they did try, but failed; cause how, the pigs were too spirited, and slipped away from 'em. Wal," went on the old man, in his easy way, "it wasn't long after afore they got in again, and, as it happened, the old Professor spotted 'em, so by chance he espied the very same gang of students, and says the old fellow again, 'Rather a singular coincidence, gentlemen, that I should find you together again when my garden is in the power of the same lot of pigs, but won't you be so kind as to offer your services again, and see if you can't catch the five?'

"Of course the boys assented at once, and away they went arter the troublesome pigs, while Professor Brown passed into the College on some kind of business. Wal, now, you had better believe that them 'ere chaps had a time of it," said "Fatty," laughingly, "for they chased and chased, and at last penned the pigs up in a corner.

"About three-quarters of an hour arter this, Professor Brown made his appearance.

"Well, gentlemen, what success—did you catch the pigs?" he asked, as he came out about the place where the fellows sat conversing.

"Capital success," said one of 'em, with a big grin.

"Yes, sir, after a long battle we *partly* conquered," spoke up another one of the gang, giving a long sigh at the same time.

"But where are the pigs?" asked the old Professor, as he looked about him.

"Don't know, but *here are their tails*," and as the chap said this, he presented to Professor Brown the tail of each pig."

This tale created a jovial laugh, and as Uncle Sam completed it, he gave a hearty yell; then pinching with thumb and finger, the flesh about his neck, he gave it a good shake, adding on the strength of the merriment, "Boys, what will ye drink? Come, I guess it's my turn to treat this 'ere time."

It was not long before Keeler told about some students who took it upon themselves to make a certain Professor leave off toting about an old green umbrella, which was a custom of his, by day and by night; how about twenty of them followed him one afternoon through the public streets, each with an umbrella, the scene causing a deal of fun to all observers, as everything moved and worked admirably, for the reason that the old Professor never made it a practice to look behind him when walking the streets, but always bolt ahead, in deep study.

Among the many scrapes which the old gentleman told, he revealed a "coffee-scene," which it is said, upon good authority, actually occurred.

"I'll tell you that, seeing as how you never heard tell on it," said old Sam, as the gang sat about the table, enjoying themselves, "and it caused quite a *spewing* time, now I tell you. One morning when all hands were down at breakfast—and you know they generally raise the deuce then, notwithstanding the steward, and his enforcement of rules and regulations—one Joe Bangs, who was a 'hard chicken,' took it into his head to have 'a time' among the whole crowd while all the tables were full.

"Wal, Bangs goes down in the room, and snatching hold of his chair, he gives a spring and plants both feet in it. As he stood up there, so he could view the whole lot of 'em, he bangs away with a cane, right slap down onto the table, and then bellows out loudly to several of his brother collegians who sat eating in various parts of the room:

"Attention! Gentlemen, what are you drinking for breakfast besides cold water?"

"Coffee," yelled out 'forty-seven' of 'em.

"Gentlemen, are you sure of it?"

"They all sent back one loud yell of 'yes,' when Bangs jumps right down, and arter stooping to pick up something under the table, he gives a spring back into the chair, and then held up on the end of his cane, an old black hat that was completely wet, and even steeped through; and as they all looked at it, as a hot vapor escaped from the fur, Bangs yells out:

"No, gentlemen, you are partaking of a compound of *old hat*. Passing by the big kettle where our worthy steward makes his smoking hot coffee, I took it into my head to look in, and as I did, I saw this old hat floating about. Is your coffee *agreeable*, gentlemen?"

"Don't you think that Bangs hadn't more than said it," continued 'Fatty,' as his hearers were laughing over it, "before there was an awful spewing among a big lot of the boys. Some were sick as horses, while other chaps laid right back and laughed as though they'd die. It made a deal of a muss, and of course it got the steward mad, and Bangs was carried before the Faculty; yet he told the truth, for the cook saw the old hat in the pot, and helped Bangs in securing it. Rather a nasty drink, eh, boys?" asked Sam Keeler, in a jocund way.

"Bah! I should say so," said Ogleish.

"I'll bet fifteen cents that I'd a-vomited in a hurry, if I had been there," remarked Tim, of Ohio, who was death on betting to the amount of "fifteen cents," always, and nothing more—unless a "dime and a half."

"Guess we had better all drink, before we talk any more about old hat," said the immortal Joggles.

"Wal, I'm agreeable," replied the old man. "Pretty good College story, eh?" he asked.

"Yes, Uncle Sam, that's a fact; rather of a French drink, eh?"

"Don't, Joggles," said he, with a smile.

"Can't help it, Uncle Keeler—must give vent to my expressions; 'but here's luck,' and Joggles poured down an article called "fourth proof," as though he was considering it a common beverage.

"Isn't College life a great life, gentlemen?" asked Joggles, after his "fourth proof" had disappeared.

"It certainly is," rejoined one of his companions.

"Every College and University in the whole world has a hard set of students—but my opinion is that Yale is none behind, eh?" and Joggles rather chuckled over the doting expression.

"Wal, it's always been so for years and years, and years," spoke up Sam Keeler. "Why, I might go on and tell you some of the biggest kind of scrapes which have occurred hereabouts; but arter all, ain't it to be expected that when you put several hundred young fellows together, under one roof, the devil will be to pay afore they quit? 'Old Yale' has sent forth great and good men in my day, who, while they were at College, were raising the very deuce—just the same as you fellows are. Lordy! how it makes me feel once in a while, when I take a *retrospect*," and as Keeler brought this out, he sighed, and giving the bunch of flesh about his neck a severe shake, the boys smiled freely at his various expressions.

LIBER XII.

It had been agreed upon by the members of the "Philistine Society," that every Freshman who undertook to show any amount of importance and pomposity on his arrival at Yale, should be duly "Smoked Out," notwithstanding the severity of all restrictions to the contrary. And this was to be put into execution by some of the clique.

"Gentlemen," said Derby, of Florida, one evening while in convention, "there are two late arrivals at Yale—two young, green Freshmen—and they must be 'smoked out' at once. One hails from the blue State of Connecticut—the other from Delaware; and both of them, gentlemen, are exactly what we need in executing the order with dispatch and success.

"Mr. President, I now move that six persons be appointed to 'smoke out' these two personages who, since their arrival, and that occurred some three days since, have been swelling themselves out like a bleached shirt on a windy day. For my part, I am willing to be one of the six, and run the risk of all the penalties if caught in *flagrante delicto*."

"Allow me to say, Mr. President, that I must certainly come in for one of the im-im-immortal six, and have an im-im-im-important part to do in that case," stuttered forth Joggles, who as usual was more than "half-seas-over."

"Sit down, Joggles—you will be all right for a job," proclaimed the President, with a smile.

"Then I'm sure of being con-con-considered one of them, eh?" asked Jog.

The President bowed.

"Then I'll take my seat deliberately," and down he sat.

After a little discussion, six persons were appointed, viz.:

DERBY, of Florida;
JOGGLES, of Louisiana;
SHE-CARGO, of Michigan;
HANCE, of New Hampshire;
TIM, of Ohio;
PEPPER, of Maine,

to carry into effect the "smoking-out system," the method of which may be easily understood by reading the following account:

It was agreed upon that each should disguise himself, and meet at She-cargo's room, at a certain hour of the evening. Joggles was to furnish the long pipes, tobacco, and matches. Derby, of Florida, was to introduce the matter to the Freshman, by introducing himself.

"Now then, gentlemen, if everything is in readiness, I will slip out of the room, go and knock at the Connecticut member's door. Let it be understood that after I have been in there for about ten minutes, two or three of you must come up and make an excuse for visiting him. Is it all understood?"

"All right, Derby," said Joggles, whose sobriety, on this occasion, was remarkable.

"Am I addressing Mr. Boggs, of Connecticut?" Derby quietly asked, as he rapped and presented himself.

"You are, sir," was the reply from a slim-looking fellow of about eighteen, who looked as though he had come to College for the sole purpose of displaying himself.

"Excuse me, sir, for calling, although I have never been introduced to you. I feel assured that it is no more than a duty, however, for certain reasons, well worthy of notice—"

"No excuse, sir, if you please—for I warmly welcome you," interrupted the young man.

"I took the liberty of throwing aside my usual studies, for the evening, and making it a point to call," continued Derby, as they exchanged cards, and passed the usual compliments.

This was enough.

"I congratulate you, sir, upon coming to this venerable seat of learning—a place so justly celebrated in the annals of history, and whence so many bright and shining stars have gone forth; for neither your parents nor yourself could have done better, in your selections. You see," continued Derby, in his easy style, "Yale College is so well known that its fame is matchless, and I am certain, that after you have become acquainted with the general body of students here, you will feel perfectly at home. Mr. Boggs, you will find a pretty hard set of boys, take us all together, yet we are a pretty fair gang, however—"

"Yes, but it's very natural to find rather gay circles here, I understand," interposed the innocent new Freshman.

"Very true, Mr. Boggs, very true. As there are a few technicalities which you may not be aware of, I thought I would call and point them out, so as to save you from being *duped* at given times, merely for the want of information."

"Thank you, sir. You are, indeed, very kind, and I shall highly esteem your good friendship, and consider you as one of my best friends. I am very ignorant in regard to your rules and usages here, but undoubtedly one can soon learn all the particulars."

"Oh, yes," rejoined Derby, with a smile, "one can soon 'learn the ropes.' I was thinking of it this evening, that as other students came and told me, it was my duty to reciprocate—and that is why I called on you to perform a similar duty."

All was lovely enough. Derby went on "stuffing" the poor fellow in divers ways. He told him that he must get up at such an hour of the morning, year in and year out; then run two miles; then return and take a cold shower bath; after that, run round Yale College three times without stopping to rest; black his own boots, draw his own water, clean his room, make his bed, read two chapters in the Bible; then peruse the "College Rules"—and all this before "Prayers." Derby gave him to understand it was very essential that he eat nothing but white bread and butter for breakfast, as he could *learn easier*, and to "keep back his appetite" for a good, healthy dinner! He proceeded to point out with great perspicuity the various duties of a student, which he said were rather irksome at first, but in a short time became quite easy and pleasant. "We contrive, here," said Derby, "to gain all kinds of exercise."

Here some one rapped.

"Ah, here are some *chums*—I said you would have callers," observed Derby, as the door opened to receive Joggles, Hance and Tim.

He gave each an introduction.

"Then your mission here was to inform Mr. Boggs of the rules and usages, it seems?" said Tim to his *chum*.

"Yes; all right, gentlemen," said Derby.

"Ah! all is right, then. We have fine weather, Mr. Boggs."

"Very fine, indeed, sir."

Joggles had landed himself on the side of the bed.

"You will find this Yale College a great place, sir," said Jog.

"Yes, sir."

"Some of the *hounds* here, too, Mr. Boggs."

"It's very natural that there should be," was the reply.

"That's a fact," rejoined Joggles, with a nod of the head.

"Rather of a hard Faculty to deal with, but then you must look out for the *odds*," remarked Tim.

"And always go in for the *odds*, mind that," spoke up Joggles.

"One thing is certain—you certainly go in for them," observed Hance, with a smile.

"I don't know how it is," said Joggles, as he suddenly placed his hand to the side of his face, "but as sure as I eat hot cakes for supper, every Tuesday and Saturday nights, an old, confounded rotten back tooth will begin to jump up and ache like the d—l."

This remark created a general laugh.

"I must go."

"Go where, Joggles?"

"Why, to my room, Tim."

"But don't go."

"But, my dear fellow, I must get my pipe out, for that kills the tooth-ache. Come," said Jog, "all hands go to my room, and let's have a good smoke."

"Oh no, Jog."

"Then, if you are too confounded lazy, I'll bring pipes and tobacco to you, provided Mr. Boggs has no objection," said the cunning Joggles.

"Certainly, you can smoke here," replied the Freshman, in a meek tone.

"But, do *you* smoke?" asked Tim.

"No, sir, I do not smoke; but it makes no difference on that account. You will please bring the implements."

"Very well, all is rightly understood then," observed Joggles. "I've got a plenty of pipes, and a plenty of 'Mrs. Miller's,' in my room."

This was enough; the curtain was lifted—the act a *go*, for a certainty. Back came Joggles, with a lot of long pipes, and with him the remaining members, who had been appointed to assist.

"Couldn't help the intrusion, as Joggles said we *must* come in and have a smoke," spoke up She-cargo, after he had received an introduction.

"No, we could not help it, I assure you," added Pepper, of Maine.

"Glad to see you—happy to make your acquaintance," replied Boggs.

After a short discussion, each of the six delegates held in their hands a long pipe, filled with strong tobacco. The pipes were soon set a-going, and the six worthies puffed away with all their energy. In a short period of time, the small room in which they sat was filled with a dense cloud of smoke, which had no possible vent, as both the door and window were closed, owing to the severity of the weather, it being in the month of November. The Freshman sat himself down by the window.

"Better join us, Mr. Boggs, for here are other spare pipes," said Joggles.

"Never smoke—beg to be excused," was his mild answer—and it was meek enough.

They had placed over the end of their pipes a bit of paper, so as to enable them to throw forth a large volume of smoke from the bowl of their pipes, and puffed away with the gravity of Indian chiefs.

"Hope the smoke has no effect upon you?" said Joggles.

"Oh, no!" but it was very evident from Boggs' endeavor to suppress coughing, that he was almost stifled.

"Give me a good pipe, with one of these eighteen-inch stems, and you may have all the cigars," observed She-cargo, coolly.

"That's what I say," rejoined Tim.

"Great fun, this!" added Joggles.

The Freshman began to look very pale.

"Mus'n't lisp this, Mr. Boggs; for, should the Faculty learn of us smoking here, they would haul us over the coals, and you, too."

This remark fell from Tim's lips.

"No fear of that, for Connecticut people in general are no 'tell-tales,' and—"

"Nothing will go from my lips, gentlemen," suddenly interrupted Boggs, as Joggles spoke.

"All right, then."

"Do you intend to pass through a general and regular course, while here, or do you take a *partial* course through college?"

"Sir!" he very meekly asked.

Hance repeated it.

"Par—par—partial course," said the "sickish" Freshman, who had too much pride to own that he felt indisposed.

"Have you chosen any profession, out of the many?" asked Tim.

The room was now full of smoke—"so thick," said Jog, "that a fellow might cut it with a case knife."

Boggs began to sigh.

"Gentlemen, you must excuse me for telling you, but I'm *sick—very sick*," and he had no more than said it, before he began to vomit freely.

"Ah! well, here goes my pipe, if that's the case," said Tim, throwing it upon the floor, with a smash.

"And mine."

"And mine, too," added another voice.

In fact, the six pipes were instantly *smashed*, for as soon as a student *yields*, and "owns up, man-fashion," that he is sick, then they who

perpetrate the deed are perfectly satisfied. The custom of "smoking out" a raw one, is practiced by the students in almost every public institution, and is intended to test the temper of the new-comer. If he "takes it easy," or good-humoredly "owns up," he passes the ordeal with *eclat*; but should he prove *sulky*, they tax their ingenuity to plague him, till he surrenders. This "smoking out" is an ancient custom.

"That was well done, eh?" asked Joggles, as the sixth stepped into his room, after they had put the fellow in bed.

"Capitally well done," answered Tim.

"Old Connecticut is pretty middling sick, too, eh?" asked She-cargo, with a grin.

"I'll bet fifteen cents that Boggs never forgets this night," observed Tim.

"He's awful sick, but he'll soon get better," said Pepper, rubbing his chin with his hand.

"Now, then, gentlemen," observed Joggles, as he procured bottle and tumblers, "we'll take a good glass of brandy."

"Yes, this will keep us from getting sick."

"Help yourself, Tim, for you're right there, in that remark. You'll find it good brandy, for 'medicinal purposes,' especially."

"I believe you only keep it for 'medicinal purposes,' Joggles?" asked Hance, with a smile.

"That's all."

"And then he buys it by the gallon," said Tim, who poured out a mighty big bumper.

"How long does a gallon last?" inquired She-cargo, as he poured out strongly.

"Well, that's according to how many help to drink it. If there are four quarts to a gallon, and all who drink should take as big a 'horn' as you've got in your tumbler, why then, a gallon wouldn't more than go the round for a good drinking-clique."

Joggles remarked this in a very agreeable manner.

"I don't think you should brag—by the looks of your tumbler," replied She-cargo.

"Oh, my! that's true," added Tim, after his attention had been called to the fact.

"What, at that! a tumbler one-third full of good, clear, ten-dollar brandy? Why, it is one of my moderate drinks," and down Joggles poured it.

After a short discussion, preparations were put into execution for another "strike."

"Now, then, for the other Freshman, who, it is said, hails from Delaware; what say you all, are you ready to 'smoke out' the airy gent?"

"Yes, sir-ree," said Joggles.

"Have you plenty of pipes?"

"Well, I think I have," observed Jog., with a liquor grunt.

Off started Tim. He made the fellow's acquaintance by introducing, or, in other words, forcing himself upon him. After he had passed through a long *sham* conversation, the rest of the party, as usual, forced themselves into the room. As it happened, the chap hailed from a little State, and although he was a little fellow himself, he was afraid of nobody, and therefore could not be rode over. At least he said as much. He had resided too near the piratical and warlike borders of New-Jersey, to be frightened, or "taken in"—especially by any Yale College students. After he had allowed the gang to go about far enough, he jumps from his chair in a fit of sudden anger—springs for his trunk—opens it in a brief time, and takes out a brace of pistols. He turns, and then exclaims saucily:

"The one who dares to smoke any more in my presence, is a dead man, by the Eternal gods!"

The scene was a fine one. There he stood, with a pistol in each hand, well aimed, and ready to carry into execution his sudden and unexpected threat—while the six "Philistines" stood there with pipes in hand, and mouths wide open.

"I am not so green as you take me to be; and although I came here as a Freshman you can't ride over me, if I do hail from the little State of Delaware. Now go on, if you dare!"

"Sir, you have mistaken our intentions," said Tim, nervously.

"Yes, sir, you have," added Joggles.

"I hope it may prove so, gentlemen," said the saucy-looking De'awarian.

"You need not take the trouble of aiming those pistols this way," said Hance.

"Well," said Tim, "there is no other way to prove it, sir, than this," and here he threw his pipe upon the floor.

The other five did likewise, which, of course, caused a general smash, which ended in a good deal of smoke.

"Perhaps I was a little too fast, gentlemen, but as I had heard about 'smoking out Freshmen,' I came here prepared."

Saying this, he laid down his pistols.

"Yes, you are certainly laboring under a gross mistake," remarked Tim, who gave Joggles a sly wink.

"That is a very fine picture of Napoleon, for a small one, isn't it?" observed the renowned Joggles, as he pointed toward it.

This was merely a ruse of Joggles's, for as soon as he got the party closely occupied in a critical examination of the painting, he stepped up to the table, and laid hold of both pistols. He then whispered to She-cargo, who immediately left the room. Cocking both pistols, and putting on a fierce look upon his features, Joggles held them out before him ready for action.

"Mr. Delaware," said he sarcastically, "you observe that I hold the pistols now. Perhaps I have got as much courage (at the present time) as you had when you held them in your possession; but if you doubt it, you can have a chance to test it, Mr. Delaware."

"What do you mean, sir?" he exclaimed hastily.

"How I tremble," said Jog., in a very sarcastic twang.

"Answer me, sir!"

"Don't know your name, so I call you Mr. Delaware. But not too fast, or you may get 'Joggled' over," said Joggles, with a smile.

Here She-cargo came in.

"Lock the door, and light those pipes," ordered Jog.

"This is fine, now, and in my room."

"Go on—but you are green. After you have been here a spell, perhaps, you will learn how to appreciate a good time. Light those pipes—six of 'em, She cargo, at least."

"All right, Joggles."

"Little Delaware, will you smoke with us?"

"Oh, be off with you!"

"Not too fast, or I'll smash you," said Joggles, very coolly. "You don't come from 'down South' far enough to frighten anybody."

"Why don't you yell 'bloody murder,' eh, out of the window?" asked She-cargo, as he took a seat, and began to blow out the strong tobacco-smoke.

"I'm more of a gentleman," was the quick answer given.

"Haden't you better join us in a smoke?" asked Tim, in a very polite way.

"Sir, I've said that I never smoke."

"But you'll have to come to it yet," insisted Joggles, with a shake of the head.

"Do you drink?"

"No, sir."

"Then you'll have to come to that yet," added Jog.

By this time, the six "Philistines" were fairly smoking away. The Freshman it affected, for he began to show signs of faintness, yet his temper and his pride withheld him from "owning up."

"Feel any way sick from the smoke?" asked Joggles, with a provoking wink.

Little Delaware made no reply. He took a seat beside his bed.

"We shall have to give you one of our revolving shower-baths, if you take it upon yourself to report us at head-quarters," said Jog.

The Freshman made no answer. Joggles stood up by the door, with a pistol in each waistcoat pocket.

"Golly! It is getting pretty smoky here, isn't it?" remarked Hance.

"Rather cloudy," said Tim, with a mischievous smile.

"You are a set of land pirates, all of you," cried the Freshman, as he gritted his teeth.

"Thinking of home when he says so—down along the Jersey coast, eh?"

This remark of Joggles's rather cut him.

"Don't feel sick, I hope?" asked Tim.

"Sick, sir—what do you mean?"

"Why, you are as white in the face as a sheet."

"Yes, as the swans are down along the Delaware," interrupted Jog., with an arch smile.

It was not more than two minutes after this before the poor fellow had to yield, although he disliked to do so, very much indeed. In a meek manner, he said:

"Don't—don't smoke any more, gentlemen—don't, for I am really very sick."

"This was sufficient. They stopped; and after placing the victim in bed they opened the window and left him.

"Brought him to it—didn't we—nicely?" asked Jog, after they had reached his room.

How he hated it, though!"

"But it was no use for him. I think he will be a pretty decent fellow after this; but let's drink, and then go to bed," said Jog.

"Are you always so happy, Jog.?" asked Steve, as they stood drinking.

"Yes, sir-ree—sir; mother says I always was, and of course she knows."

"You set a deal of store by her, don't you?"

"Well, I think I do; and, Tim, I tell you how it is, she's about the best mother ever born in this world."

"Don't you know why he says so, Tim?" asked Steve, who had just come into Joggles's room from his own. "You see he is the only child of a very wealthy lady, and as she was desirous that her son should graduate at Yale, it was with great difficulty that she could prevail on him to come; and finally, she had to agree to give Joggles twelve hundred dollars spending-money per year (one hundred dollars every month)—aside from his regular College expenses."

"Well, what of that? Don't I give to charitable societies?—don't I give freely to the poor?" interrupted Joggles.

"Very true; but I guess the old lady didn't think that you intended to get into the habit of getting 'tight' so often."

"Get out. You are drunk now."

"Who?"

"Why, you," said Jog., pointing toward Steve.

"Yes, and when Jog is 'tight,' how it makes him stutter, eh?"

"Hark!" warned one.

"One of the Professors," whispered another.

"Blow out the light," ordered the third.

And darkness followed. Professor — passed on. They escaped detection.

Morning came. The entire party were at prayers, save Mr. Boggs, of Connecticut. Joggles laughed in his sleeve when he cautiously observed the absence of Boggs. It was not long before each of the six "hounds" exchanged sly winks, for they had anticipated as much. The Professor in attendance prayed on quite fervently, and especially for the Lord to have mercy on all—the Freshman Class in particular. "Little Delaware" was present, but he looked very pale indeed—yes, as white as a sheet. He eyed Joggles very closely, and his looks were stern; in fact, a little on the savage order. Joggles returned a smile for the scorn and hatred evinced by the new-comer.

After prayers, the six met together and at once rushed for Boggs's room. She-cargo felt somewhat frightened—so did Tim; but as for the immortal Joggles, he smiled pleasantly on their way, remarking, rather mischievously, that he hoped the poor, verdant youth was alive.

They found Boggs, on gaining his room, in rather a delicate state of health. He was in bed.

"Oh, gentlemen, I feel very sick—very faintish; have had a very sick night of it—very sick, gentlemen," remarked the delicate youth, in a mournful tone, as they crowded about his bed, and made inquiries as to the cause of his indisposition.

"Well, you do look rather white," said Joggles; "but let me feel your pulse."

"Yes, just feel of his pulse, Jog.," interposed She-cargo, with a sigh.

"How do you find it?" asked Tim, as Joggles seated himself on the side of the bed.

"Regular, at least—quite regular, I should say," was the reply.

"Oh, the smoke almost killed me—almost," muttered forth the invalid.

"Well, well, never mind, Mr. Boggs, we will be friends to you. Are you still sick at your stomach?" asked Jog.

"Very—very sick."

"It will do you good, in the end."

"Why so?" meekly asked Boggs, cocking up his eyes toward Jog.

"Well, you see, Mr. Boggs, the fact is you are one of those bilious kind of persons, and, as it happens, you have turned off an immoderate quantity of phlegm, during the night."

"So I have," said Boggs, a smile peeping upon his pale countenance.

"I should say so, too, from the looks of the floor and bed," replied She-cargo, and he bluntly laughed.

"Never mind the appearance of things," observed Joggles, who seemed to be extremely attentive to the invalid, "for we will stand by you, and take you into our fold."

"Hush!" whispered Tim.

It proved to be the steps of a student, who occupied an adjoining room.

"All's well," announced Jog. "Now, then, we must keep our last night's spree to ourselves, for the very devil would be to pay if it leaked out. Now, then, She-cargo, do you go to my room and bring clean pillow-cases and sheets, and mind that no one observes you on your way back."

"All right, Jog."

"And bring, in this tumbler, a little of my good brandy, out of the black bottle."

"All understood, Jog."

"Remember—out of the black bottle," whispered Joggles, as his chum was about to vacate the premises.

She-cargo nodded his head.

"Open the other window, there, Tim, for it smells in here like a nest of young cats," spoke up Joggles.

He obeyed the command.

"Now, Mr. Boggs, just jump out of bed—dress yourself, and you will find that a little exercise will do you good."

"But I am so sick," moaned Boggs.

"Never mind—my prescription will put you all right."

"But I never drink spirituous liquors, Mr. Joggles—"

"Well, you've got to learn, so you might as well introduce the custom first as last."

"Especially when your stomach is out of order, as it is this morning," added Tim, with one of his affectionate looks.

She-cargo soon returned, with bed-clothes and brandy. Boggs was hustled out of bed, much against his wishes—and by the persuasive eloquence of the immortal Joggles, induced to swallow a stout horn of brandy. The poor fellow looked chap-fallen enough, as he sat in a chair, sighing over his indisposition.

"There, that will do you good, Mr. Boggs—not only settle your stomach, but bring back old color in your face. There's nothing like a little good brandy, when a person feels a little out of sorts, particularly of a morning after a hard night's spree. I actually do think," continued on Joggles, in his easy, jocund way, "that it has saved my life oceans of times, particularly in New Orleans—"

"There, he begins to look and act better already," interrupted She-cargo.

"Oh, yes, I know; and there are any quantity of live doctors, who are a deuced sight more ignorant than I am, after all," and Joggles brought this out rather in an important way.

"I must confess that I do feel better," remarked Boggs.

"Good," cried Tim.

"Oh, I can never practice smoking in my life—never," sighed Boggs.

"Well, it's a bad practice, anyhow," was Joggles's rejoinder.

"And you should have added *drinking*, also," observed Tim.

"Perhaps," replied Jog.

At last they got poor Boggs dressed, his room put in complete order, and this they did themselves, for fear of exposure. Then came a long lecture in regard to keeping *mum* about the whole affair. Boggs promised, like a man, "never to open his mouth" about the affair, let whatever might happen. This was sufficient, and each shook hands with him on the strength of the vow given. They planned a story for him, should any member of the Faculty question him in regard to his indisposition.

"Call it dizziness—bleeding at the nose," suggested Joggles.

"But I must not fib, gentlemen, although I must confess that I do feel rather confused in the head just now," and Boggs reeled to and fro when he attempted to walk across the floor.

Joggles winked to his chums—bit his underlip, and looking mischievously, remarked:

"Oh, yes, I perceive it, and just have that story to tell, 'dizziness, and so forth,' and you won't fib, Mr. Boggs."

As Joggles made this remark, Boggs observed that he should lock the door of his room,

after they had taken their departure, and lay down on the bed.

"Oh no, oh no, Mr. Boggs, take exercise, eat lightly, and it will be much better for you—"

"Certainly, certainly," added Tim.

"Of course," remarked She-cargo.

"But—but, don't you see, I can't walk straight, gentlemen," protested Boggs, in a sorrowful tone of speech.

"Why, can't you?" spoke up Joggles, with a smile.

"I'm drunk—that brandy has done it all."

Joggles was highly elated.

LIBER XIII.

MONTHS passed. The "Philistine Society" continued to hold their secret meetings, from time to time, with great *eclat*.

Among the private cliques, none prospered under so strict and vigilant rules, as did the Society, for every move was systematic and profoundly secret. Other private cliques were jealous, but their jealousy amounted to nothing in the end. The great question to solve was in regard to the "Important Items of the Week," who were the main "wire-pullers"—who the guilty ones? Though a strict watch was kept, and every vigilance exercised to discover the perpetrators, in no one instance had the guilty parties been discovered. The plans of the "Philistines" were so well laid, so resolutely carried out, and so closely screened from "outsiders," that they puzzled and mystified the Faculty, while the public attributed it to an "unholy alliance" with a certain "gentleman in black," whose residence is below-stairs.

During all this hubbub, the renowned "Philistines" continued on holding their meetings in a certain large room, pretty well up-town—drinking good brandy from the favorite old five-gallon demijohn, and smoking the best of cigars, which said Society furnished.

That these "Philistines" were up to all manner of devilry, we will not deny; yet their moves were not such as came within the eye of the Law! As a general thing, the Juniors rule at colleges, universities and institutions—and their youngest member is made the *pet*, or in other words, the *tool* of their clique, who is *put on*, while the others stand back and assist him. But here, in this case, there arose above them—yea, above the Seniors—an independent clique, made up from the several Societies, who at once took command themselves, leaving the Juniors far in the rear. And hence arose the disturbance—the jealousy, from every quarter, against the "Philistines."

While the Juniors could stoop to impose upon the Lecture Room, by placing hens, chickens, and roosters therein, on some dark night, the "Philistines" could have lots of fun by daylight, and right in the presence of students, by throwing torpedoes to wandering ducks, who would grab them in their beaks, causing at once, an explosion, much to the delight of the observers. And while this was looked upon as innocent fun, the Juniors could raise pluck enough to throw candy down from the upper stories of the College to little children, who, the instant they all jumped "for a grab," would let fly a bucket of water upon them! This they called *fun*! By doing such tricks, the Juniors became very notorious, and rendered themselves liable to censure.

The "Philistines" never allowed themselves to stoop quite so low. If there was a newly-arrived Freshman, who had got to be "smoked out," then they were ready to do "the agreeable;" yet they would not throw red pepper upon a hot stove in a meeting-house, causing the entire assembly to rush out for their lives. This was done, however, by a clique of Juniors, who considered themselves smart! If there were any great and important subjects to be discussed before the Debating Society, the "Philistines" were always ready to conquer: If the students in general desired to have some kind of a classic procession, or a jovial party, or an excursion, the "Philistines" always worked their cards so as to have a commanding voice, or else it was suddenly overthrown. They did not make it a practice, as did a rival clique, of disturbing religious meetings—of "tripping up" persons in divers ways, when promenading along the streets at night—of hiring horses and carriages, and then to rid themselves of paying for the same, drag into town the carriages, and lead the horses, so as to prove that they were balky, when, in fact, a better beast

never traveled! And yet a certain secret Society who were eternally "blowing" about the "Philistines" pursued these paltry notions. Thus can the reader easily perceive that the "Philistines" stood *ne plus ultra*.

As the Juniors and Freshmen were about to make a "grand display," in the shape of "showing themselves up" at Commencement, the "Philistines" took it upon themselves to burlesque the regular Programme, in a manner best suited for the occasion, although some of the members belonged to the two respective classes—Juniors and Freshmen.

One evening it was read aloud to the members of the Society. Sweeney, of Connecticut, did the reading part. The formation of it was so good a burlesque that it pleased every member, and was at once unanimously adopted. Who wrote it—who was the author! were hard questions to answer, so several students got the credit of it. From all appearances, Nat, of South Carolina, and Joggles, of Louisiana, had a "finger in the pie," while it was quite evident that Dan, Steve, Roarer and Ogleish had something to say about it. It was reported that the "still, sedate member," hailing from the "Old Bay State" did it, *solus*. At least, it was very evident that the *hits* and the euphonious appellations given, were so striking and characteristic as not to be mistaken.

In granting to Joggles a *sight*, it pleased him much, for he did not care who knew the truth concerning himself, that he generally contrived to be finely and happily "tight," day in and day out. As he considered himself *some* on Greek, it was expected that his delivery would be smooth, classic and elegant, after he had "imbibed four drinks only!" ere he showed his long legs and noble phiz upon the stage.

We will now give a true copy of the Programme. They were posted all over town in a very mysterious manner, on one dark and stormy night, and created an amusing time among the masses.

SERMONES SINE SENSU.

PROGRAMME OF THE EXERCISES OF THE JUNIOR AND FRESH COMMENCEMENT.

FORENOON.

MUSIC—Keeler's Celebrated Whistling Tune.

1. LATIN SALUTATORY—JOE PHELPS.

The audience will be furnished with translations by "Jim, of the Latin School."

2. ENGLISH SALUTATORY—DICK BANGS.

He will open by making a notorious remark of himself.

"'Tis true my phiz is something odd;
If you blame me, you blame my God."

Varied with the Dutch brogue.

MUSIC—Mein Fader Land.

3. MATHEMATICAL ORATION—SPLEENEY.

This "promising young youth," wishing to make a "display" ere he returns home, will do his best to *decipher* out something.

4. BELLES LETTRES ORATION—SAM JENKS.

MUSIC—Baggs's Quickstep.

5. RE-BELLES LETTRES ORATION—RED HAIR.

Oh! Red Hair, my boy, were it not for your gas,
"All the world would combine" to vote you an ass;
"And the rest of mankind," without any doubt,
Would swear that they'd seen your long ears stick out.
You walk around in a lion's skin,
And think how nicely you take people in.

6. HISTORICAL ORATION—SHE-CARGO.

He will strive to show the great use of "Water and Land Appropriations." After he has gassed on that subject, he will discuss another important subject—"Africa and the Africans."

MUSIC—"Lubly Dinah."

7. GREEK ORATION—JOGGLES.

It is expected that the "immortal Jog" will give the Greek subject "particular fits." He thinks that "four drinks" will put him in talking order. Should the Faculty strive to "head him off" at any time (he being confident that they are down on him), he will take the liberty of allowing something to "turn up"—not found at present in the bill.

8. HOME PROTECTIVE SYSTEM—JOSH.

MUSIC—"Home, Sweet Home."

This "Joe" will suddenly disappear with a pun on his lips. It will be found essential to eye him closely.

DIRGE SOLO—Junior Baggs.

This will be so low that you can't hear it.

9. COLLOQUY—MUFFIN JONES, NED SPOONER, JERRY HINCH. (*Decimi buscabilis.*)
"Brandy for three."

10. ESSAY—HIPPOPOTAMUS—DUCK-EE.

This remarkable Freshman will speak of the Ichthyosaurus, while explaining "dat other 'hanimal.'" As he professes to know all about snorts of porpoises, teeth of crocodiles, heads of lizards, tongues of ornithorhynchuss, together with the three animal kingdoms—he will base all his knowledge on *common snakes*.

"Not those that in Illyria changed
Hermione or Cadmus, or the God
In Epidaurus; nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline, was seen."

11. PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION—BLOODY.

MUSIC—I dress Myself from Top to Toe, &c.

12. HOME INFLUENCE—SPILER.

"There's the mill that ground our yellow grain,
Pond and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
There's the gate on which I used to swing,
With Mary Jane!"

13. UNPARALLELED DISCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH CURRENCY—YOUNG NEEMS.

On this *spendthrift* occasion, it is said that young Neems will recite the tables of "pounds, shillings, and pence," and dwell at length on their respective values and uses. But the audience will bear in mind that, as in the table, so in the speech, no sense (cents) will be made use of.

14. VISIBLE TEETH AN INDICATION OF GENIUS—FOX.

And is it so, that now I am a Junior,
I, who have just escaped the apron-strings?
Oh Dignity! now art thou here personified,
And in thy full embodiment,
It must be so, that each particular grace
Doth, in completest harmony,
Meet in my graceful form, and handsome face.

MUSIC—Duet on the JAW-bones—By the Crowd.

This will end the First Part. After "grub," the performance will "begin again." Several of the students are to be held in confinement, lest they get tight.

AFTERNOON EXERCISES.

DUET—"We will now pick our teeth."

15. PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT—MAXEY.

MUSIC—Tune: "Oh, I'm too old to Sleep with Ma."

16. NIGHT-ERRANDRY BY MOONLIGHT—FRESH LEVI.

My soul's palace has become a prison
Through which the rays of those fond eyes
Dart thrillingly.
Then varied light, full orb'd and radiant,
Paints up the darkened chambers of my soul,
And thus thou art to me a brilliant vision.

SHAKESPEARE IMPROVED.

MUSIC—"We went out one night," (and oftener too!)

17. COLLOQUY—TOM PEMBER, NED SLACER, RUFUS SMITH. (*Diatilis capitibus.*)

"Gin and sugar for one—
Brandy and water for two."

MUSIC—"Here's to the good old times."

18. ESSAY—HYDROPATHY—CHUCKLES.

Oh! how refreshed I feel,
Through the whole live-long day;
Let Sophs, and Juniors poll ahead
Along their weary way;
I'll take a shower-bath at noon,
And so be fresh all day;
I'll keep refreshed from year to year
As long as I shall stay.

MUSIC—Opera of "Robert le Diable."

19. MOUSTACHES—AN INDICATION OF MANLINESS—BOB BOXEY MELLS.

A Freshman is a Freshman still,
Though he may splurge and cut great swells;
Then, oh! then, remember well,
"Pride must be pinched," Bob Boxey Mells.

20. ARISTOCRATIC NOTIONS—JUNIOR BLIX.

A fool I am, and a fool I'll be—
No book can make me better,
I've learned to read, to dance and spree,
"But cannot write a letter."

21. FASHION—(see advertisement)—KIT BOO.

MUSIC—"Beau of Baltimore."

22. ESSAY—"What's your grade?"—NEW JERSEY JIM.

MUSIC—"I will never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown."

23. SELECT SPEECH—(EXCUSED ON ACCOUNT OF INFANCY.)

MUSIC—"What would Uncle Gabriel have said—if he'd spoken."

24. DIGNITY OF SALUTATION—(How are you fellows? what will you drink?)—NEW YORK JOE.

25. INFLEXIBILITY OF OPINION—LEM. BRACE.

Lem. will endeavor to do justice to this stretching subject; and he is capable of doing it, for when he opens his big mouth, it will put one in mind of Boston Harbor. Mr. India Rubber stands *nowhar* aside of Brace. Look out for Lem.

MUSIC—"Saw my leg right off."

26. THE JUNIOR RIGHTS—PEPPER.

"Oh! how rejoiced I feel that my kind kin
Did interpose his high authority,
And with a voice more potent than his rash subscrip-
tion,
Told me to do the writing—
So now my honor, and my honors, are both unsul-
lied."

27. DECAY OF MIND—LITTLE SAM.

No scepter have I ever swayed,
My mind, alas! has fast decayed;
I once took honors as well as any,
But now I am behind Radany.

28. CONTINENTALS—(EXCUSED ON ACCOUNT OF OLD AGE.)

29. INCREASE OF CAPITAL—COUNT BROWN.

Now I've more head than all the rest,
And can't see why I'm not the best;
I'll do all I can, and can no more,
And hope that I'll not prove a bore.

MUSIC—Solo, on the Bagpipe, by—HUDDLES.
It has been thought best that Huddles should remain invisible during his performance.

VALEDICTORY (as is a Valedictory)—BY OGLEISH.

REMARKS.

The names of the following persons will not appear, for particular reasons. Bill Bowley—excused, because he is too infernal crooked and contrary to stand alone on the stage.

Jack Blarcho—too sleepy and lazy to write a speech; would want to gape every two minutes during the delivery.

Messrs. Carver, Echoen and Covein—excused because the Faculty were absolutely ashamed to allow such poor speeches as these to be delivered in public. It is said that they intended to slope two days before.

Messrs. Bills and Peters—knowing themselves to be in a fair way of being fairly overhauled, have agreed to furnish a "certain secret society" with cigars and meerschaums during the winter session.

Pete. Blonz—because he has given his class four dollars to pass him by. He can't be excused, however, for treating the audience on his favorite instrument—the bagpipe.

Joe. Champ—for four dollars and nineteen cents—the combined profit of room and books.

Lem. Phix—for beseeching, on his knees, our humble selves to have mercy on his ignorance—and for the paying of his coal money.

Messrs. Sickles, Bung and Junior Moore—on account of bad breath.

Messrs. Blaze and Coggcobb—rejected, being too impertinent to be noticed in any connection whatever.

P. S.—"The Philistine Society" declines all "the honors"—save the "luxuries of the table," at the President's residence. The members won't demand nothing stronger than "brandy and water"—but a good deal of that, in case the occasion calls loudly for "frequent drinks."

LIBER XIV.

THE interior of the "big back room," as it was called in the days of the reign of the "Philistines," of old Sam Keeler's edifice, was a museum in itself. Its oak floor was always well sprinkled over with clean, white sand—dust and cobwebs were always well looked after; while the walls were variously orna-

mented with numerous handbills, reminiscences of sheriff's sales, departed caravans, highly colored and badly executed portraits of circus riders, in all manner of impossible attitudes; while here and there, straggling round, through and under this quantity of appendages we have mentioned, could be perceived the inevitable marks of a disagreement between the foundation of the building and mother earth—these aforesaid traces consisting of numerous cracks in the plastering.

To learn the young idea how to shoot he had a good many targets (in the shape of spit-toons) placed in various parts of room; for "Fatty" was a very particular person, as it concerned neatness and cleanliness. In the winter time he burned sticks of oak and walnut wood, cut eight feet in length, and the back-logs generally averaged the size of common nail kegs. By the side of this large—yea, mammoth fireplace—in fact, right in front of it—"Fatty" would sit himself down in his big easy-chair; and he was so large, so thick-set, as to check the heat from coming out into the room to any agreeable degree. In cold weather he was a nuisance.

Old Sam was a devoted lover of Napoleon Bonaparte. It will need no proof when it is here remarked that the picture of that great man hung upon the sides of his renowned room—four poorly executed pictures, poorly framed, and showing the signs of age and withered looks in all manner of ways. "There's a man as was a man!" was Keeler's great expression, whenever his eyes rested upon either of the pictures; for he considered Napoleon in the same light as a horse-jockey does his favorite nag—as being some on a long heat.

There were other cheap pictures hanging about the sides of the room—pictures of Washington, Franklin, Perry's Victories on Lake Erie, the Battle of Lexington, General Jackson, and various others. Keeler had a good deal to say about "Old Hickory," especially the scene that occurred between "I and the General," once upon a time, when Sam bolted on to Washington to "catch a peep at him," hoping to become more inspired in the true teachings of "Jackson's principles," whereupon the general invited Sam to "take a smoke" with him, because he presented him an elegant hickory cane. It is supposed that he has told this circumstance for the ten-thousandth time, and still glories in repeating it daily and nightly. He declares that when he felt "kinder seriously" he always made it a practice to pray on retiring to his couch—and he always remembered to "put in a word for the future glorification of Napoleon Bonaparte and General Jackson," and this he would tell in as grave a manner as an old woman would a ghost story at the midnight hour. He used to say to the College boys:

"I can't help it, boys, and you shouldn't laugh, nor consider Keeler as committing a wicked deed, when I say, that I oftentimes pray on going to bed. Every man has his own follies, peculiarities, whimsicalities, nervous twitchings, ups and downs—and I, for one, am pestered with all such kind of bad feelings. Sometimes I cry like a child, for I fear I'll choke to death one of these nights, when asleep; as I get to dreaming so awfully, and I generally imagine myself looking on one of Napoleon's battle-fields—and then I jump out of a fast sleep, breathing very short, excitable as a mad bull, tearing sometimes, sheets, bed-quilts, pillow-cases, and my shirt. I tell you how it is," continued "Fatty," "this monstrous bag of extra flesh what hangs down under my chin and throat so alarmingly, worries me almost to the eve of death itself. My dreams are generally like a woman in bad temper—all out of sorts."

It used to be exceedingly amusing to hear the old covey explain his symptoms—get into a state of high hysterical excitement—when he invariably took hold of the extra bag of flesh about his chin, shaking it back and forth as one would Tuttle's baby-jumper. It was amusing to hear him sing a song—Betsy Baker, in particular—for when he touched upon the chords, he would always be obliged (out of necessity) to take hold with his hand of this monstrous quantity of outside flesh, and twitch it to and fro in such a way as to "turn the tune," in other words, "get the right pitch," as he expounded it, in his own language. A more comical sight no man would ask to see.

This deformity hurt the old man's looks. He used to swear that if the bag of flesh could

be cut from his chin and throat, "it would weigh thirty-five pounds." Perhaps he got the weight a little too mighty.

Joggles used to get him vexed quite often by his low blackguardism, such as asking why he did not go from city to city, and exhibit himself as the man who carried his food under his chin—his daily sustenance; then the mischievous fellow would ask, in wonderment, what Keeler would do if one of his mammoth chaws of tobacco—and they averaged almost a half-plug (eight to the pound)—should happen to slip beyond his mouth, down into the pit of the interior of this pouch of extra outside flesh. This would cause Uncle Sam to get a little riled, but he dared not reprimand Joggles, for he would only go on the more. Jog. used to catch hold of the bag of flesh, giving it a shake, and playing the deuce with the old gentleman—for he was the old man's pet.

Keeler had not only a large, but a very long nose; in fact, his proboscis was of great growth. One of the main reasons why he loved Napoleon at such a rate, was because Bonaparte declared: "Give me the man who has a big nose." Keeler used to dote and extend largely on this sentiment, adding, "it was grand, sensible and knowing, in Napoleon, to choose men with big noses;" and the old fellow would strut largely when repeating it.

"Give me my pipe and tobacco, boys," he would say, "my Bible, and the book what's got the glorious life of Napoleon in it, and then I'm happy. I don't want any better company."

"Except the company of the women," interposed Joggles, one evening, while the covey sat in his easy-chair, discussing the merits and demerits of matters and things in general.

"Darn the women, I say," ejaculated "Fatty."

"Oh, no, Uncle Sam, not so bad as that—for you know you love the ladies—" And this was enough to get the old man fairly started, as he actually seemed to hate womankind in general. Joggles always made it a practice, whenever he had a crowd with him, to touch upon the subject of women and marriage, just to get Keeler's disposition up to a high pitch. This would always please the crowd of listeners, for the attitudes in which the old fellow would throw himself—the rush of blood to the head, causing his face and the bag of flesh to turn as red as an onion—made it a ludicrous scene.

Joggles used to inform his friends why Keeler evinced such open, barefaced hatred to womankind in general—"because he was crossed in love in his young days;" to which assertion Sam invariably exclaimed:

"Yes, that's a fact, and no mistake into it!"

Neither Jack Falstaff's attitudes or rotundity equalled the display made by the venerable "blower."

As he was constantly "gassing" about his "three great subjects"—"Woman—Napoleon—the Bible"—the members of the "Philistine Society" invited him very politely to deliver an address on the three above-named subjects—the same to come off on a cold November evening, after the said clique had partaken of the luxuries of a "good, old-fashioned oyster-supper" such as "Fatty" always prepared for his friends.

He shook his head, as much as to signify, "no you don't;" but Joggles, Ogleish, Hance, Tim, Roarer, and the rest of the "chum-devils" of that renowned "Philistine Society," begged, besought, teased, fairly tantalized him in so many ways, that a "back out" was totally out of the question.

"Yes, Uncle Sam, come, show yourself a man; come out, and spread yourself; give us an oration on the three great subjects, 'the Bible, Woman, and Napoleon,' the middle one in particular," teased Joggles, as he stood with his crowd about him.

"Oh, go away, all of you, and don't confuse my ideas;" but he was battled upon all sides.

"Uncle," said the cunning Ogleish, in a serious tone, "you are a man who has seen much of the experiences of life. Even the gray hairs of your head prove it. Your intellectual faculties are large, and your bump of comprehension likewise. We would be pleased to hear you deliver a lecture upon three subjects, of which you have read and discoursed for years and years. I, for one, feel fully assured that you are the man to do ample justice to such a task. Now, you have sufficient confidence to address us extemporaneously—"

"Oh, no, I ain't, for I would conflux my ideas all up in a mess, perhaps excite myself so much as to choke to death on the strength of it," interrupted Old Sam, with much vehemence.

The boys saw that they had him under their thumb, or, to use a more modern expression, on the string; so they poured "flat-iron tales" into his ears, until they almost set him crazy.

"We will have all New Haven after you, even sucking babies, and nervous old maids," observed Joggles, "if you will but agree to go into some public hall and spout the feelings of your heart in regard to the three great subjects—"

"Yes, all the inhabitants at large," rejoined Ogleish.

"Uncle, we will have it advertised in the papers, paraded about the streets in high-lettered posters, have every minister in town read the notice of the lecture, and we will pay the expenses. It is in you, and no man is more able to do the thing up brown than Samuel Keeler, Esq. What do you say, sir?" asked the "immortal Joggles," with a pompous air.

"Wal, I say get out with your soft-soaping—that's what I say," and he gave the bag of flesh another mighty shake with his thumb and finger.

"But only think what a breeze you might raise, Uncle Sam—"

"Oh, stop, Joggles, and don't tease me so."

"Uncle, I feel very much interested, and I say you must be harnessed into the traces."

"Well, I guess I won't do anything of the kind, come, now, so what's the use to tease, tease, tease," and again the bag of flesh received another excitable shake.

"But, uncle, my dear fellow, we can make lots of 'pin-money' out of the speculation—"

"Yes, we can, all of that," added Ogleish.

"Oh, several hundred dollars," rejoined Steve.

"There, there, that will do; stop, all of you, for you talk like a pack of cursed fools, you do—I'll be kicked if you don't," and the old chap sprung from the easy-chair, whirled around upon his pegs, and began to walk the floor, causing the whole building to shake from the center to its foundation. "Look a-here, Joggles, you imp, you, do you and the rest of your hounds want to put me up for a show? Is this the game you fellows are driving at?"

"Don't get excited, Uncle Sam," muttered Joggles.

"No, no," said Dan.

"Just you set yourself down, and I will give you my views of the case, *in extenso*, will you?"

"No, Joggles, I can't sit down, for you fellows have made me awful nervous."

As he made this remark, the crowd of "Philistines" laughed merrily. They had made him excitable.

"How do you intend to make this money?" he asked with force.

"By asking twenty-five cents admittance," cried Joggles.

"And children at half price," quickly observed Ogleish.

"Look a-here, now, is that for argument or insult?" yelled Keeler.

All laughed at his nervous question.

"Why, gentlemen," roared out Joggles, "Uncle Sam would draw better than any caravan or traveling show company ever could boast of in this religious city. The fact is, we would want two or three halls to hold the vast concourse of people."

"Yes, sir," interrupted Dan, with a nod of assurance.

"Go on, go on; that's it—blow away—blow ahead," exclaimed the old man, as he stopped pacing the floor, raising both hands furiously.

The scene was a jovial one. Joggles & Co. were in their glory.

The boys teased him for a full hour after the enactment of the above several scenes. Keeler became so exasperated as to swear like a pirate, but this pleased them the more. At last he promised to sing "Betsy Baker" and treat if they would agree to adjourn the discussion. Finding they could make no capital out of "Fatty," they so agreed.

It was a ludicrous sight to see and hear Old Sam whistle "Hail Columbia," especially the parts when obliged to swing to and fro the massive bag of flesh in order to give his "extra variations" their full sound. We have often wished that Dickens could see this specimen of

the *genus homo*, for he is the only writer (in our opinion) who could portray this eccentric old gent's oddities, unless we except Harrington, the renowned "Tobias Tottlejob," who is destined to become the "Dickens of America." Keeler is an original throughout—full of all kinds of eccentricities. He is a comical-looking "old cove," when seated at the dinner-table, and we shall never forget the time when we beheld him eating huge apple-dumplings of his own make, which vanished, not as man's food generally disappears, but were rushed into his mouth in huge chunks, by muscular force, like logs pitching over a cataract of the Ganges. He snored like the distant rumble of chain-lightning playing ten-pins among the clouds.

Time passed on, and at last a trick was played on the renowned Keeler that worked admirably.

Joggles & Co. visited a certain village situated on the outskirts of New Haven, where they entered into an engagement with some of the "oldest inhabitants" to invite Samuel Keeler, Esquire, to deliver a lecture on his three notorious subjects, in the building known as the "old red school-house." The invite was extended, and having been strongly "backed up," it was accepted; for the old man was rather of an ambitious nature, saying nothing about his egotism. The move was so finely put into execution that Keeler gave due information to Joggles & Co. of his intended lecture.

"Glad to hear of your acceptance, Uncle Sam," said Joggles, patting him on his shoulder with his hand.

"Wal, they are all my old friends out thar, and I'd feel more at home than I would here in the city, for I used to spout politics quite largely in them 'ere parts, when I was in the field. If old Joe Crumble, Ned Wishrap, and Sim Gouger hadn't 'ere invited me, I wouldn't have gone, nohow; but seeing as how they put their names right down on the 'letter of invite,' I shall appoint a night, some time next week, and just go out thar, and give my opinion to 'em in full length common meter—'cause how, they are old cronies of mine."

Have you the 'letter of invite' with you?" interrupted Joggles, giving his chums a sly wink.

"Yes, I stuck it away in among the leaves of my old morocco-bound Bible; but I'll give you a peep at it." And "Fatty" brought forth the document.

"Now, then, boys, just keep easy, and I'll read the contents to you," said Uncle Sam, as he strutted about the room with the letter in hand.

It was as much as Joggles & Co. could do to refrain from laughing in the old man's face; and, doubtless, it was well Keeler was ignorant of one fact—that these very "college devils" were at the bottom of the whole transaction, having gained permission to use the names of "Joe Crumble, Ned Wishrap, and Sim Gouger"—three very respectable farmers, who seemed to have a good deal to say about things to be done, and things remaining undone, in their part of the country. It was evident that there was fun ahead.

"Now, I'll read the letter, and I think a good deal of it, 'cause how, the men what signed and sent it are nice old friends of mine; and, oh, what lots of eggs and butter I've bought of 'em in my days. They are old customers of mine, and, and—"

"Come, come, Uncle Sam, go ahead, and let us hear the letter," interposed Ogleish.

After he had read the "invite" in his important way, inquiries were made as to the time and date.

"I've sent 'em word that I'll be out among 'em on next Tuesday night," was Keeler's reply; "and I intend to blow off thar as I used to training days and 'lection times, for they all know me round them diggings."

"S'pose you'll write out your address?" said Joggles, in a mischievous way.

"No, sir; there you mistake my intellectual faculties, for I always spout right from the heart, and that too without any notes at all. I'm off hand, right ahead; and I don't know but what I may be called an 'ratic genius of the old school."

"Erratic, you doubtless mean?" interrogated Ogleish.

"Yes, that's the idea, and the way I'll give 'em my openly avowed opinions of 'Napoleon, Woman, and the Bible,' will astonish all hands

of you fellows. If I ain't 'College-bred,' old Sam has got an idea stowed away up here," placing his hand on his brow.

"Why don't you pat the top of your head, Uncle Keeler?" observed Joggles, with a smile.

"Oh, all of you must be on hand to hear me, for I shall put the big licks in, and address the school-house full of people—I shall. All of 'em know me out *thar*—boys and gals;" and he shook his head with much important assurance.

It pleased the boys to hear him go on and blow away what he was able to do, particularly how he could have defeated Wellington, had he been at Napoleon's side during the Waterloo campaign; and also if his "education had not been neglected" in his young days, what a noise he would have raised in the world of letters.

"It's in me, boys, but it wants cultivating," used to be his great sentiment, when the subject of his *abilities* came up for discussion.

The eventful Tuesday evening at last dawned—and great times followed on that night. It was cold and snowy. Lots of students wished for the "old red school-house," and long before the appointed hour, the building was rammed, jammed and crammed, with all kinds of people, of all sizes and conditions. The "Philistines" were there to a man, while many an "outsider" popped in to see the fun. The female portion of Keeler's audience consisted of young girls and old maids. Joggles & Co. were in high glee, for these mischievous chaps felt assured that great times would ensue.

At last the "conspicuous Keeler" made his appearance, puffing and blowing away, like the snore of a dyspeptic giant, which caused tremendous applause—particularly from Joggles's crowd, which was loud and vociferous. It rather made Uncle Keeler excitable, for he bowed and blushed, nodded and scraped, and put himself into all kinds of comical attitudes.

"What *airs*!" whispered Ogleish to a chum.

"See old Keeler's flesh-bag shake and tremble," whispered Dan.

"Now, then, for a high time," remarked Joggles to his crowd—and they alone nearly filled the building.

The "Orator of the Evening" was dressed in a suit of "sheep's gray." He wore a white neckerchief, and very screaming shoes. His hair was well *iled*, and he seemed to be about "quarter-seas-over"—nothing more—nothing less.

At length, the comical, cross-eyed, long-legged, round-shouldered Sim Gouger called the assembly to order, making a few ungrammatical remarks in regard to the particulars of the meeting. After introducing his "worthy friend, Samuel Keeler, Esquire," the renowned "Fatty" ascended the schoolmaster's desk, and giving the flesh about his neck an unmerciful twitching with his thumb and finger, he squealed out in a comical tone:

"BOYS AND CRONIES"—Here an unfortunate "outsider" giggled, which gave rise to some profane expletives on the part of one of the "Philistines," who suggested to the "outsider" the propriety of his reserving his mirth until his grandmother's funeral shall take place. The "outsider's" giggle faded into a sort of bilious choke, when Keeler, shaking for the second time the bag of flesh, commenced:

"BOYS AND CRONIES"—Mr. Keeler was again interrupted by an elderly gentleman, with a mouth resembling a peach-basket, who gave vent to a ferocious cough, caused probably by the sudden stoppage of his wind by a chew of tobacco.

Five minutes elapsed before the individual above named was restored to a state of quietude, during which five minutes he was regaled by receiving an unlimited amount of punches on the back, and digs in the ribs. Peace being restored, Keeler once more opened the champagne—we should have said campaign.

"BOYS AND CRONIES: this is the third time I've said 'boys and cronies'—and I hope it's the last, 'cause how there is no use of repeating the thing, if folks don't want to hear it. I didn't come here to-night to lecture on boys and cronies—but I come here for to come, to go, to give in toto my consolidated opinion on 'Women, Napoleon, and the Bible'—and I wish it to be emphatically understood that they are three big subjects—of big importance—and oughter be lectured on by big people."

The speaker was again interrupted for a moment; he shook his bag of meat, which gave

rise to an important query, which was propounded by a short man, with bow-legs and bleared eyes, who asked the *big* Keeler:

"Why in thunder don't you keep your ideas in your head—not let 'em down into that ere bag, so you won't have to stop your speech to shake 'em out?"

Keeler looked indignant; but the sublimity of the subject which occupied his mind, wouldn't permit him to notice anything short of a direct insult, in the shape of a quid of tobacco alongside of his face—so with a majestic air, and the solemn elevation of his right hand and arm, he proceeded:

"Who was Napoleon—a *human giner*; and what is woman?—a *gineral human*. And now what is that big book, the Bible? It is something that *human gineral*s, nor *gineral humans*, can't never understand. (Immense applause, and one solitary hiss, which caused Joggles to suddenly rise, and immediately sit down again).

"The Bible, in my 'pinion, is like Bob Stokes's pine fiddle; there ar'n't nerry religious tune but what can be played on it. But can you say that of Napoleon's history?" Here Mr. Keeler was again interrupted by an old lady on a front bench, who observed:

"It's the first time I ever know'd that Napoleon had a *hightory*."

Mr. Keeler, after inwardly anathematizing the old lady, and consigning her to a place, the temperature of which was considerably warmer than Terra del Fuego, proceeded:

"Can that be done, I repeat, with Napoleon's history? No: nobody can make a fiddle out of Napoleon's battles. All antiquity knows that he was *thar*, and he staid *thar*—and that's more than woman in the garden of Eden did. What was it that first caused man to fall? Why, nothing but that pesky *Eve*, who took and squeezed an apple into a pint of cider, gin it to Adam, and got the old feller *tight*."

"And then what did she do? Why, she took him by the arm, put him outside of the garden and went off and married old Satan. That's the way of—"

Another frightful interruption by the old lady on the front bench, who vociferated:

"Oh, Lordy massy! massy on me! what a wicked wretch. I shouldn't wonder if the whole schule-house would tumble down about our ears."

Joggles here rose, at this juncture, and requested the old lady on the front bench, in a very bland tone of voice, to be kind enough to oblige the hearers, as well as the honorable speaker, by immediately closing up the mouth of her bread-basket.

Samuel Keeler, Esquire, gave an approving glance at Joggles, and again resumed his remarks.

"Napoleon Bonaparte, whose picture I have swung up on the four sides of my big back-room, was a man who didn't care a tinker's cuss for anybody—black or white, old or young, big or little, married or single; and the man that sez the same feller that writ the Bible, writ Walter Scott's History of Napoleon Bonaparte, is a *big liar*! And one of the proudest acts of his career was his gitting rid of that 'are woman Josephine, who was a near relative of Ginerel Camphene, who took fire, one day, by spontaneous contusive colapse. He got rid of her becaze he didn't want her, and that's a good reason."

Here a countryman, whose face and hands were both remarkable for an excessive predisposition to dirt, rose, taking off his hat (which he had kept on during the whole proceedings), growled forth something after the style of a bass-drum with one head out—

"I'm a-going *hum*—the cows have got to be fed—the hogs have got to be milk'd—and I expect that infernal shoat has got a-fighting the brindle dog. I'm going *hum*—I am! ! !"

The immortal Joggles once more assumed a perpendicular position, and made a few remarks, premising the aforesaid remarks with a highly interesting display of physical strength upon the body corporate of an excessively small, and exceedingly weak juvenile, whom he gathered into a sort of a bundle, by seizing him by the scruff of the neck and the rear of his inexpressibles, and violently slammed him into the stomach of an elderly fat gentleman, who unfortunately, by his interference, interrupted the boy's progress to the floor. At this juncture, three or four of the "Philistines" (Hance, Ogleish, and Dan, in particular) contributed toward the excitement of the proceedings, by patriotic shouting—

"Hurra for Napoleon and Keeler!" accompanying the enthusiastic outbreak by forcibly propelling through the air an empty salt barrel, with both heads out, which fell immediately in front of the old lady on the front bench. Crash came the barrel upon the floor—the staves flew asunder, one of them saluting the old lady by a slight tap on the side of her venerable chops.

At this time Mr. Samuel Keeler, the "orator of the evening," became rather *wrothy*, and he violently shook to and fro the immense bag of flesh. All at once, the old lady on the front bench began to sneeze and cough immoderately—so did her neighbors, and finally, the "epidemic" reached Keeler; in fact there was one general scene of coughing and sneezing—the secret of which was, a quantity of red pepper having been sprinkled upon the heated stove, causing the "immense crowd" to give one rush toward the door. Nothing, for a short time, was observable except a confused mass of heads, arms and legs, and crushed hats, making a sort of cannibalistic hash of humanity. Joggles & Co. added hugely to the diversity of the scene, by yelling, roaring, screeching, whistling, cat-calling and crowing, with an occasional outburst of

"Hurra for Napoleon and Keeler!"

Joggles & Co. felt gloriously edified.

"Do you see that, boys?" asked the sagacious-looking Sam Keeler, on the following morning, throwing down a ten-dollar gold piece into a chair, as Ogleish and Joggles walked in, arm-in-arm.

Both made a reply.

"Now I'll give that willingly, just for to know who throwed red pepper onto that hot stove;" and Samuel Keeler appeared to be in earnest.

"Rather excited, it seems, this morning, uncle?"

"Yes, and I'm able to be; and who wouldn't be killing mad? Joggles, did you have a hand in that 'ere job?" and he comically cocked up his eye.

"Oh, no, uncle, I had nothing to do with the mischief-making move."

"Nor I, uncle," added Ogleish.

"Wal, I'll give twenty dollars, finally, to know the chap what cut up that dido. Why, boys, I thought I'd cough to death. Why it fairly gagged me."

"I noticed it agitated the little old lady who occupied the front bench," observed Joggles, with an arch smile.

"Wal, one thing is sartin, I've made my last speech in public," exclaimed Keeler. "I've been made a fool of long and often enough—yes, I have. Say, how did you like the points of my argument, boys?"

"Oh, capital," answered Ogleish.

"Yes, I had just become infatuated, when the 'red pepper scene' occurred," observed Joggles; and when he said this, it was as much as he could possibly do to keep from laughing.

"Powerful, wasn't it, eh?"

"Quite so, uncle."

"Hard argument to quash, eh?" and he gave Ogleish a dig in the ribs.

"Very," was the laconic reply.

"If I hadn't been interrupted, I should have given woman *sits*—Napoleon, more justice than he has ever received from a public orator—and the Bible I would have explained in plain style, and, as I think, in a satisfactory manner."

"Undoubtedly," sprunted up Joggles.

"But I *must* know about that red pepper fixings, for it made me mad—very mad;" and Sam began to feel excited.

Undoubtedly, Joggles & Co. knew the perpetrators, yet they were cunning enough to keep it a secret. The clique was up to all manner of innocent deviltry, always ready to carry out the plan of any *crony* in a sly and scientific manner. Suffice it to say, the great Sam Keeler never heard the last about the "red pepper scene." He continued on to offer a reward of twenty dollars, to gain a certain kind of information, whereby he might be able to return a good substitute for the article of red pepper.

LIBER XV.

THE members of the "Philistine Society" voted to award a gold medal, (the particulars were given at the time) to the member of said clique who could tell the best story, of "yarn."

This offer was extended solely to the twenty-six "Philistines," and done in such a manner as to allow one good time to follow after the laborious duties so conspicuous in college life.

One week was given for the preparation—the stories to be told in *propria persona*. The entire body of "Philistines" were present on the evening in question. The scene came off in the "big back room." Sam Keeler and an old favorite ex-judge, were the umpires. The shutters of the store had been closed at an early hour of the evening—the front door barred, locked, and bolted, and upon a bit of white paper was written—

"Closed on account of sickness,"

which Uncle Sam had posted thereupon, merely to inform his evening customers, who were generally quite numerous, that they must make their purchases elsewhere, or wait until morning, when he should resume business. The fact is, he felt proud because he had been selected as an associate with an eminent judge, as umpire; and hence the grocery business was a secondary consideration on such a glorious occasion as the one about to follow. He considered himself *some*, and, it is naturally to be supposed, he was liberal in all of his dealings. In point of fact, he had imbibed pretty freely on the strength of the compliment paid him, and he felt as though Keeler stood higher in the niche of Fame than ever he had entertained any idea of reaching.

The scene in that "big back room," about the hour of eight, on a cold November evening, was highly interesting. There could be seen every member of the "Philistine Society," numbering twenty-six, a representative of each of the States of our glorious Union, at that period of time, while upon one side could be seen Judge — and Samuel Keeler, two fat and comical personages, acting as arbitrators. Here were Joggles, Ogleish, Dan, Bob, Hance, Bouncer, Steve, She-cargo, and all those "noted college devils," each seeming to be in high glee, and each anxiously waiting for the time to come when he could "lay himself out," and get the premium for the best story.

Everything being in readiness, Judge — addressed them in a few words, informing the members of the "Philistine Society" that his worthy associate, with himself, were ready to hear a story, or in other words a "yarn," from each member.

"The rules and regulations laid down," said he, "are of a very simple and satisfactory order. The member representing the State of Maine is to 'open the ball,' the member representing New Hampshire is to follow, and thus on through the New England, Middle, Southern, and Western States, each in rotation, as laid down in the map of the United States. Doubtless, this will be satisfactory to one and all."

Here a vote was taken. It was unanimous.

"The prize," continued Judge —, and he was a short, thick-set gray-headed individual, one who had passed the toll-gate of the middle road of life for the last time, "is a gold medal, with various designs and inscriptions. Its value is fifty dollars. As members of a Society, you have caused it to be manufactured for the express purpose of presenting it to him who will prove himself, on the occasion, the *king* of story-tellers. Each of you have the privilege of rising, whenever your respective turn comes, and of telling your "yarn"—only one, and of a readable character—in the best way which you may consider proper and interesting. Am I correct, friend Keeler, in my remarks?"

"Full in toto," was the response given.

It was evident that the members had their wits about them; also, that each one felt sanguine of success, having prepared fully for the contest.

"I s'pose all understand that the smartest story told, will crown its teller as being the smartest story-teller among us," observed "Fatty Keeler," as he rose up from his chair, with much gravity and assurance. "The member representing Maine will 'spin his yarn,' if everything be in readiness."

After a little discussion, the Maine member commenced. His story created much laughter, as there were a good many *nubs* to it, that is to say, rich points, where wit wove its own web. All listened attentively to the story. After he had finished, he took his seat, when the member hailing from New Hampshire rose, bowed, and commenced his "snake story." It

was capitally well told, and created much applause and laughter.

The "yarn" of the Vermonter was in regard to an extraordinary elopement; that of the Massachusetts representative was full of "blood and thunder;" that of the Rhode Islander was in regard to a certain marriage that happened in a country village. It was exceedingly amusing. The Connecticut chap told a "long-lockum" story about wooden nutmegs, mahogany hams, cast-iron cucumber seeds, and horn gun-flints—clear Yankee in its style and plan, full of laughable incidents—concerning a certain tin-peddler who was overstocked with any quantity of "gumption and queer eccentricities."

"Now we will interrupt the meeting," said old Sam, throwing aside his pen and paper, "and for the especial reason, that New England (embracing Maine to Connecticut) is a 'hard road to travel,' unless we take a sociable drink. As we are about to pass through the Middle States, gentlemen, you will please approach the table, at least the demijohn, and help yourselves."

They did "approach the table," to a man. We think Joggles took the brandy A No. 1.

"Now then, the member representing New York will please tell his 'yarn,' if all's in readiness," and down sat Keeler and his friend, Judge —, beside a small table, where they noted the main points of each story.

New York was well defended. The same can be said of New Jersey. Great stories were told by their representatives, and immense applause followed. Judge B — was a capital judge of a good story, and this was an every-day fact, well known wherever he flourished. Keeler, "on the story line," was of the same nature, and two superior umpires could not have been found in those days of comfort and pleasure.

The Pennsylvania genius told a "ripping yarn," but the beginning and the end were much more interesting than the middle portion of the story. Joggles laughed immoderately; Ogleish made several capital *hits*, while Tim, the "fifteen cent chap," seemed to feel agreeably elated.

After the representatives of the Middle States had done their best, Keeler moved for another interruption. All "liquored." It was an interesting time—for in every department of fun, sunshine, and comfort, the entire party seemed to be "a happy family."

At it they went again, and such tales, yarns, stories, incidents, and the like, as were told, cannot be depicted with any degree of justice. Elopements, comical in every particular; snake stories; marriage yarns; horse stories;—alligator fights—coon-hunts—and so on, were each related in a happy vein of humor.

At last, the *twenty-sixth*, and last member of the renowned "Philistine Society," told his story. It was short and sweet, like the old lady's pie-crust—full of laughable scenes, and rare incident. When the representative had closed his "Western yarn," the hour was two o'clock of the morning.

Now came the decision. The umpires conversed in a low voice with each other, compared notes, and then took a recess. Joggles, however, moved that the "entire body" should "imbibe," ere the arbitrators *sloped*. Of course, in the language of Keeler, they repeated with him, "Well, I'm agreeable."

It was evident in the minds of a majority of the members, who would receive the prize. In one sense, most of them were aware who was the lucky fellow. A great many capital stories had been told—but there was one that "took the rag off anything else in that line." Suffice it to say, the verdict of the umpires was a righteous one, and, in fact, received the liberal sanction and applause of the Society at large. Roarer of Kentucky, related a great story of a "New Orleans Cock Fight"—She-cargo told a fine one about a Caravan spree—Ogleish about killing buffaloes—and Joggles took occasion to "spread himself" in capital style, by getting off a remarkable and frightful "bear hunt,"—yet, after all, the short little fat fellow, Tim of Ohio, the "fifteen cent" chap, led the entire van, for his "pumpkin story" eclipsed all others. He related it in a very easy and acceptable delivery. To show the reader, at least, to give him a fair specimen of the stories told on this brilliant occasion, we will sketch this remarkable "yarn," as told by "Tim of Ohio."

"Gentlemen, the story that I am about to relate, happened in my own native State—Ohio." Thus spoke Tim, who, be it remembered, was one of the "cutest devils" at Yale College. "Gentlemen, it occurred scores of years ago—even back to the days of my great-great-grandfather, when people were more honest for their veracity than their scions are at the present time. It was in the early settlement of Ohio. It has so happened that one of my *chums* related to us this evening, a story which first received a *lift* through the principal newspapers of the United States—and he seems to talk as though it was hard to beat, old as it might appear to be. I refer to the cucumber story, where a man, wishing to test the great power of guano, soon after it was first discovered, placed a half-bushel of it in a hole, threw in a dozen cucumber-seeds, and then filled the hole with dirt—but while he stood patting the same with his hoe, a cucumber vine sprung out of the hill (under the power and great effect of the wonderful guano,) and he, dropping his hoe, ran for his life, the cucumber-vine still following him for more than a half mile, when, like a serpent, it wound itself round about both of his legs, hastily throwing him down upon the ground with much force—in fact, he was obliged to put his hand into his pocket to get his knife, when lo and behold! he found his hand hold of *no* jack-knife, but he was grasping hold of a cucumber that had gone to seed in his pocket.

"Gentlemen," continued Tim, in his easy style, "my friend related this 'remarkable yarn,' as he took occasion to call it, in very fine style; but when you come down to principle and fact, and battle against art and fiction, his tale does not begin to vie with 'my great-great-grandfather's pumpkin story.' Let me relate it. He had a very fine family garden, rich and deep in soil. A man might have dug down two-and-twenty feet, and at that depth found as rich black soil as at the top, for it had been the family garden for almost three-quarters of a century. There was something wonderful about the richness of the soil. Well, it so happened that a pumpkin-vine sprung up in about the center of the garden, and as it looked so healthy and flourishing, my great great-grandfather bade his gardener (and there were gardeners in those days) to hoe round it, and let it remain. He did so. In two or three days afterward, the vine had passed beyond the inclosure of the garden wall; on the north portion was a heavy ox sled, that had been placed there to shut it from the sun during the warm summer months. Under this heavy sled the pumpkin-vine passed—thence rushed along the borders of a large orchard—passed through what was called by my great-great-grandfather the 'round cabbage field'—thence made good its way across two large fields, known as the 'two four-acre lots'—thence through a patch of woods one-sixteenth of a mile in width—thence down a long hill, where in the valley a beautiful stream of water flowed through from the mountains. Now, gentlemen," continued Tim, in a jocund and lively tone, while the crowd were listening and smiling attentively, "the wonderful richness of the soil in that family garden had sent this vine where we find it in the story. Perhaps some of you, gentlemen, may be ignorant of the general condition of Ohio soil. Let me digress for a moment, and explain to you the actual state of Ohio soil in the days of the earliest settlers, and then you can judge what it should be to-day. When the first settlers gave my native State its pretty, witching name of *Ohio*, they found the soil soft, mellow, and wonderfully rich. Here is an illustration:

"The renowned 'Doctor Simpleton' (and you have, doubtless, heard of him) gave a lucid account of Ohio soil. He said that where the trees had grown up and died off, like youth, manhood and old age—thus decaying, and making the richest kind of soil, a man had to be very careful how he walked in those parts, or else he would settle up to his eyes, the soil being so loose and rich. Even in after years, when on his way to the North, on horseback, he said that as he was passing along a new road that had been laid out, (and he had to go on the borders of the road in some parts of it), he observed a man's hat. He jumped off his horse, picked up the hat, but unfortunately it had an owner under it—there was, visibly, a man's head. 'Hallo! old fellow, let me help you out,' said the doctor affectionately; but the individual sent back a gruff reply—'Don't

trouble yourself, for when you are called upon it will be time enough to give assistance. I've seen about a dozen of these kind of *divings* since I've come into Ohio, and I've got rather used to 'em; so go on your journey, and don't trouble me—for I've got a good horse under me!"

"Now, gentlemen, that is a fair illustration of the state of Ohio soil in those days. But let us return to the pumpkin-vine. We left it beside a stream of water. Now through some mystic movement the vine crossed over this river, (four rods in width), and passed along the borders of the woods on that side of the river. As it had cut up so many 'remarkable didoes,' to use the expression of my venerable great-great-grandfather, he allowed it to grow unmolested.

"Now come back with me to this heavy ox sled placed beside the garden wall. Under it a pumpkin sat, and at once began to grow enormously. In a little time it was in want of room; it grew so as to raise the heavy ox sled *an inch every night!* In time, my great-great-grandfather was obliged to give it a prop on the opposite side, to keep it from tipping over, for the sled was on a poise! In a short time, the next move was to take the sled away entirely.

"One day, as this vine was cutting up its capers on the other side of the river in the distance, an old sow traced the vine to the water's edge; thence *crossed the river on the pumpkin-vine!* thence tracked it along from field to orchard, until she reached the pumpkin itself. Tired and in want of food, she commenced eating of the pumpkin, and on that very day she had gnawed and eat so much of it as to gain a resting-place for the night *inside of the pumpkin!* When she was discovered, my great-great-grandfather laughed heartily at the comicality of the sight, and immediately made up his mind to allow her to go on unmolested, as it was then in the fall of the year. By the by, at this time the pumpkin had reached an enormous size.

"Daily food and sustenance she received, and on every night took up quarters in the mammoth pumpkin. At last a slight frost nipped the vine and it died. Time passed on, and ere the cold days of November had dawned, the sow, after sleeping there for eight-and-forty days, *had a litter of pigs (eight in number) in the pumpkin!*

Here Joggles gave one of his sudden yells—in fact, the crowd of listeners seemed to show great signs of jovial laughter.

"Well, gentlemen, weeks passed on, and just before the first snow storm visited that part of Ohio, my great-great-grandfather took it into his head to get the remaining portion of the pumpkin (after they had cut out the decayed part) into the house, as it had already attracted hundreds of curious eyes from all parts of the State, the particulars having been noised about to a good account.

"The old gentleman summoned his neighbors together, and the mammoth pumpkin was placed on an ox drag. Eight yoke of oxen and three span of horses (so goes the story) drew it up to the back door of the homestead. A measurement followed, and it was found that the doorway was altogether too narrow to admit it. Then they measured the width of the front door, and it was found that, by taking off the casings on each side, the pumpkin would just barely squeeze in. Then the laborious task occurred; and during the next twenty days, it is said, (on the best story authority), that near one thousand people visited the residence of my great-great-grandfather, expressly to 'catch a look at the wonderful pumpkin, said to weigh nearly twenty-seven hundred pounds.' This was the expression as it went forth to the world.

"But now, gentlemen, let me ask you to pass over the winter season, and imagine it to be the spring-time of a new year.

"My great-great-grandfather had a nephew, a farmer, who resided in the far western part of the wilds of Ohio. He came and paid the venerable man a visit. On his departure, the old gentleman presented him with seven pumpkin seeds—seven of the mammoth pumpkin stock; he could not give him more, for he had sold a great many, (some as high as \$1.37 1-2 a seed), to all kinds of persons, black and white, nearly from all parts of the State.

"The nephew returned to his home, a ten-day journey. Spring and summer passed. In the fall my great-great-grandfather having a

little leisure time to himself, took it into his head to visit this nephew. He did so. He rode a smart little horse, and the journey lasted ten days. He had not been there more than a half-hour before up rode a lady on horseback. Nephew introduced Mrs. Belcher. She immediately, after the introduction, squalled out in an asthmatic tone:

"Say, Mr. Blower, do you intend to keep your pumpkin-vines on your own premises, or am I to cut 'em off?"

"It is naturally to be supposed that as soon as the word 'pumpkin' went forth, my great-great-grandfather immediately asked what it all meant, when he was informed thus:

"Why, my dear uncle I'll tell you. You remember last fall you gave me seven seeds out of that almighty whopping pumpkin of yours. I came home here and planted one in each of the seven hills, and, believe it or not, they commenced growing alarmingly. Myself and my four sons began of a Monday morning to 'fence in' the pesky vines, but we worked for two days, and to no advantage, for grow and go they would, here, there, and yonder—*especially during the night-time.* Now then, up to this time, they are running all over the country, and here comes Mrs. Belcher, who lives two miles west of me. Last night, Squire Dodge, who resides as good as three miles and three-quarters north of me, rushed up here on horseback, and he had a similar complaint. 'Blast it all,' said the nephew, 'the vines have got the devil, or something else, to back 'em.'

"The old gentleman staid with his nephew for several days. He had occasion to hear of many complaints in regard to the 'pesky pumpkin-vines.' When he got ready to go home, he came on, for the first day, at quite a rapid rate, but did not pass the end of one of these pumpkin-vines until sundown. He stopped at a tavern overnight, ordered his horse on the second morning, but, lo and behold! he discovered the pumpkin vine. He rode on, and it was near five o'clock of the day, before he made out to come up with the end of it. 'Great soil, this! wonderful!' said the old man, as he tramped home alone.

"After he had passed the end of the vine, he, out of spite, no doubt, rode on for nearly twelve miles, before he stopped for the night. On the next morning he started anew, but, as soon as he struck the main road, the old man became violently wrathful. There was the very pumpkin-vine!

"On went the old gentleman for the day. Although he had a smart nag, able to swing two stout men fourteen miles per hour, and work himself up fair and square under harness, the pumpkin-vine made out to pass him nights, while he was resting from the fatigues of the day. He had traveled for four days, six more would bring him to his home.

"Now then, gentlemen," said Tim, grinningly, "the story ends thus: He drove on day after day, and my great-great-grandfather always declared, while living, that, 'If a black frost hadn't visited that part of Ohio on the next night, skin me if I don't believe the pumpkin-vine would have got here ahead of me!'"

Tim bowed, amid roars of laughter, and took his seat. Ever, to this day, he takes great pride in showing up the

GOLD MEDAL.

LIBER XVI.

In the due course of time, change came over the face of all things.

Poor old Mrs. Dewesbury had run to the Faculty, for the hundredth time, with various complaints against some of the students. As for Mrs. Johnson, she had done the same, while both had entered many a "heart-rending complaint" before Squire Binks. On one occasion, a cat had been thrown down a well—on another, jack o' lanterns had been placed about the windows at the dead of night—and all to frighten and perplex their minds. On another occasion, "awful sounds and awful noises" had been heard, of a ghostly description—while "awful sights" had been seen by both of them, which, perhaps, were caused by a lot of fellows with balls wet in spirits of turpentine, and these set on fire. Many were the complaints.

Tom Johnson and the two little cross-eyed women had several "pitched battles" in the "Squire's office," and the young mischief-maker generally conquered. Both reported him to Binks, but Tom would face them, and then declare, "Your honor, it's a lie." At last,

Squire Binks was obliged to order them both out of his office for good. This pleased Tom Johnson, and whenever he happened to meet either of them in the street, the little fellow, in a saucy, impertinent tone, would ask, "Hallo, old widow, how is the law, eh?" when the little scamp would have to run for his life, so as to escape from the "gripes" of their power. Tom Johnson's destiny was, at that time, a problem too hard to solve.

It was a serious day, when the time came for the "Philistines" to dissolve. Tears were shed profusely on all sides, by many a stout and warm heart. Old Sam Keeler wept like a child, when it was known that the leading members of the "Philistine Society" were about to depart for good, from the "time-honored walls of Yale." "Boys, this is a desperate hard blow to an old man like me," and then the old man's feelings would get the best of him, and tears would be renewed. Then he would add, "Well, boys, if you must go, you must, but it's almost a killer to my heart."

After the "great work" had been done, and the regular exercises had passed, it was evident to all of the members, as some of their brethren left, that the "good old times" had passed in reality. The change was a great one.

Due politeness had been shown toward the Burial of Euclid. As usual it proved to be an impressive scene. Euclid, metamorphosed into the form of a man, nine feet in length, was laid in a car, festooned with evergreens, drawn by four white horses, each horse led by a negro. The Class followed their deceased friend, in white, all bearing torches, which brilliantly illuminated the scene. Several songs were sung, an oration and poem delivered, and then the body of Old Euclid, preceded by a band of music, was borne to a neighboring hill, and buried with the usual ceremony.

Among all the students, none passed the "immortal Joggles," whose Greek oration surpassed all expectation. He left "Yale," crowned with "many an honor"—and let it be remembered, also, that on his departure, he was a firm defender and supporter of temperance. A great change had come over him—so much so, that he honestly declared to give his attention to the profession of the ministry—because it was the wish of his mother. Joggles proved himself a more brilliant scholar than the Faculty had ever given him credit for. In point of fact, he was one of Nature's noblest sons. The parting between him and "Uncle Keeler" was a serious one, for the old gentleman loved Joggles, and in return, he almost adored Keeler.

"Won't you take a drop of something, Jog., seeing how we are about to part for good?" asked the old man.

"No, Uncle Sam—thanks: seven weeks ago, I promised my mother never to put the intoxicating cup to my lips again, and the promise is sacred."

"Good boy—mind your mother, Jog., and you'll surely get to Heaven," said Uncle Sam, as he patted him on the shoulder: "I only axed you, Jog., out of politeness."

"I know it, uncle, but you will excuse me. But my time is short—uncle, we must part," said Joggles, as tears stood in his eyes.

"My God! Oh dear, don't name it," and here the old man sat down and wept, for his heart was too full.

"Perhaps we may yet meet again. Should I ever come this way, I should certainly call and see you, uncle, if you should be living."

"Joggles, my dear fellow, don't fail, if you should happen to come this way. I may be here, and perhaps may have 'gone the way of all the earth,' as I'm liable to 'kick the bucket' instantly," said Uncle Sam, in a mournful way, his eyes full of fresh tears.

"I will certainly come."

"Good boy; for that's some consolation arter all, and I know your promises are as good as gold. I think I've fully tested you upon that 'ere point. But oh, dear-a-me—heigh—o!"

"What's the matter, uncle?" immediately asked Joggles.

"Do you see this 'ere massive lump of flesh?" pointing to his neck, and then taking hold with his hand and shaking it.

"I do," said Joggles, seriously.

"That's bound to be the killer of me yet."

"Do you fear so?"

"Ah, Joggles, it worries me. There's as much as thirty pounds of extra flesh all about my neck, and it grows bigger and bigger."

Hope I may live a good many years, but uncertainty flies afore me constantly," and he sighed.

"Well, Uncle Keeler, I hope you will live a long time yet—"

"I know you do, Joggles—I shall never forget you—never. Going home now, I s'pose, and there live on your money, eh, with that dear mother of yours?"

"Only for a short time. I'm going to be a preacher, Uncle Keeler."

"What! a preacher? Well, well, that is something new to me," and he shook his head. "Ah, I see, that is the wish of the old woman, I reckon?"

"Even so—and I will obey her commands."

"Good on your head, and may you live to reform the world," shouted out the old fellow, patting Joggles on the shoulder.

They at last parted, but it was truly a very serious time, indeed. He made the old man a fine present of a gold watch and chain on the day of his departure. It is said that it pleased him so much, excitement got the advantage of his cranium, and on the strength of so nice a gift Keeler could not refrain from "treating" all his friends who happened to call in; and aside from that, of getting "awfully tight" himself. "Old Santa Cruz rum" got the best of him.

Joggles's leave with the Faculty was a very affectionate one, as he had asked "forgiveness for his transgressions," and had come off A No. 1 during the regular exercises of the Graduating Class.

As for the other conspicuous members of the "Philistine Society," many of them proved themselves worthy of the highest commendations. Ogleish rattled off "the Valedictory" in excellent style, while She-cargo, of Michigan, did high honor to himself. So did Steve, of Virginia—Derby, of Delaware—Tim, of Ohio—Roarer, of Kentucky—Dan, of Vermont—and Harry, of Rhode Island.

At the "breaking-up meeting" of the "Philistines," some liquor and cigars suffered. To tell the truth, all, with the exception of Joggles and one or more of the other members, took it upon themselves to reach that *tapis* when they take the liberty to ask,

"Hic—hic—hic, who says
I'm—I'm—dru-dru-drunk?"

Songs were sung, speeches made, and "friends" invited in. Nat, of South Carolina, made a brilliant "farewell speech," and Jed, of Tennessee, sung—

"Farewell, old boy—farewell;
We are soon for to go—"

Uncle Sam Keeler was present on this "glorious occasion," as he termed it. His friends took the liberty of presenting him with many presents, such as a silver snuff-box, a pair of gold-bowed specks, a case of razors, with accompaniments, several large gold rings, a hickory staff mounted with gold, a beautiful brace of pistols, together with pocket handkerchiefs, letters of condolence, jack-knives and money. Each one was presented by the giver, prefaced with a short speech: some delivered in Latin, others in Greek, others in Spanish and French. This created a deal of laughter, as the old fellow was obliged to make a speech in reply returning thanks for the same. All this had been contrived; but on the part of Keeler, he supposed that he had just been invited to be present as an act of politeness.

When Steve, of Virginia, advanced, holding in his hand the case of razors, he bowed very politely, and then addressed "Uncle Sam" in Latin. "Old Fatty" stood and listened attentively, and on presenting them, replied in a laughing way:

"Sir, I'll be darned if you have got the start of me, anyhow, if you did pitch into the 'hog Latin,' for as long as I can guess what a razor is made for, then I can bet that you've hobbled out a lot of words, wrong end foremost, concerning the same. I thank you for the fixings, and will keep them to shave my phiz with."

Then the crowd would laugh heartily. When Ogleish presented the brace of pistols, he addressed Keeler in Greek, and to have gazed on the expressive features of the old man, as he stood listening, would have caused a saint to have laughed. All stood about the room feeling full of merriment, for this was a part not "Set down in the bill." After he had finished, he handed them over. The cry now was: "Hark!—Listen to the reply."

"From what I could make out," said Uncle

Samuel, in a jocund way, "of his rummaging lingo, he wants me to keep these pistols, and when a fellow fairly insults me in downright earnest, to challenge him, or right up and let him have it, slam-bang. I'll do so; and I thank you for 'em, as I can keep away the 'buggers' now."

This speech caused a deal of laughter, as Ogleish merely asked him in Greek, to accept of them from a valued friend. Bouncer, of New York—the roaring member of the "blood-and-thunder school"—presented the old man with a hickory cane, mounted with a gold head. He did it in fine style.

"Yes," said the old man, as he swung it back and forth in his hand, "I'll keep it, and like 'Old Hickory' himself will I say—"By the eternal gods! I'll cling to it as I do to Democracy!"

This brought "the house down," as the saying runs; for the old fellow took the liberty of displaying his eloquence, and the uncommon strength of his lungs. It was a rich time.

After all was over, the entire company marched down to the old man's "big back room," when, to use his own expression, he did the "clean, handsome thing." He not only brought on the "best he had in the house," but gave a supper, when he made a great speech, full of many a queer and comical idea. He then sung an old song known as "Betsy Baker." At a late hour of night they parted.

Morning came, and in a few short hours another scene had dawned. Everything looked gloomy and lonely, for scores and scores of students had taken their departure. As "fat Sam" sat and wept over the change, he would shake his head, and then, with tears in his eyes, mutter over to himself: "The like of them boys will never be known again in these parts—not as long as Sam Keeler is alive and kicking!"

Sobs and sighs followed. Thus ended a good time.

THE END.

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